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THE STORM.



Pub. by J.C. Riker, New York.

1852.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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AFFECTION'S GIFT;

OR

A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

NEW-YORK:

J. C. RIKER—FRANKLIN HALL.

1832.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages have been compiled with a view of uniting *instruction* with *amusement;* of imparting moral precepts and elevated sentiments, through the fascinating mediums of interesting narrative, and the harmony of numbers. With this object in view, the compiler flatters himself, that he has so far succeeded as to please many, edify some, and offend none; for he believes that the subjects in this little volume, are so happily varied in style and character, that while the thoughtless and gay meet with nothing repulsive on the score of gravity, the serious, and pious, will find nothing to object to on that of frivolity. Readers of every description, must acknowledge the moral tendency, and literary excellence of the productions here collected. Many of them are calculated to awaken the finest and most amiable susceptibilities of the human heart; and all of them inculcate morals of genuine purity and truth.

The tales, poetical effusions, &c., which enrich this work, are all from the pens of American writers of acknowledged talent, and extensive celebrity; including, among the female contributors, such distinguished names as Sigourney, Wells,

Leslie, Hughs, and Child. Ten of these productions are illustrated by the same number of splendid copperplate embellishments, elegantly executed, by eminent artists. The several paintings from which these engravings were taken, are universally admired by artists and amateurs; none of them have suffered in being transfered from the canvass to the plate; and a more choice selection, it is believed, is not comprised in any other volume of equal size with AFFECTION'S GIFT.

This work is offered to to the American reader, as a favourable specimen of the progress of literature, and the fine arts in our infant country. As such the publisher cheerfully submits it to the ordeal of public opinion; confident that it will not only prove a valuable acquisition to the domestic library, but also form an elegant birth-day present; a holiday gift of friendship; or a delicate token of a still more tender affection.

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THE RUSTIC WREATH;

OR

THE GLEANER.

BY MRS. HUGHS.

"Come, papa," said Cecilia Beldon, "come and sit down beside Louisa and me, in this arbour, and tell us something about England. You have described St. Paul's Church, Westminster Abbey, Blenheim Castle, and a great many other fine places; but we want to hear something that will give us some idea of the manners of the people, and the impressions that were made on your mind by the appearance of the country generally."

"That is a request that I shall be very glad to comply with to the very best of my power," returned the father, as he seated himself between his two daughters, and put an arm round the waist of each; "but it will not be a very easy task to give you an idea of scenes so very different from any thing that you have ever seen."

"Well, try at any rate, papa," said Louisa; "describe things as well as you can, and we shall, at all

events, get a few ideas, though they may not, perhaps, be equal to the reality."

"True. Then to begin. It was the middle of September when I landed in England; but unless you had experienced the monotony of a sea voyage, you could form little conception of the pleasure with which I exchanged the continuous prospect of the 'dark blue wave' of the Atlantic, for the bright and gay scenes which England presented. You know I had left our own dear land at a time when, of all others, it appears to the least advantage; for the fervid heats of a July sun had scorched every blade of grass, and a long and distressing drought had given an almost autumnal tint to the foliage of the trees. The few inhabitants, too, that remained in the city, looked pale and languid, and crept along the streets as if deprived of all the energy that was requisite for the performance of the business of life, and wishing for nothing so much as a comfortable place, to rest on the brow of some mountain, and a portion of Rip Van Winkle's power of forgetfulness, that they might sleep away the sultry hours, till the moderated sun, the cool and bracing nights, and the clear pure air of the autumnal months, should again give life a zest. But when I arrived in England, all was life, activity and bustle in the towns; the people were fresh, ruddy, and animated; while the humidity of the atmosphere had preserved the bright tints of vernal beauty over

the country. Few things in the world, perhaps, present a more strikingly beautiful picture to the eye than an English landscape. The graceful undulations of the country—the deep rich verdure that overspreads the ground—the high cultivation that every where meets the eye, and speaks of industry and wealth—the gothic edifices, telling tales of former times—the country seats, which display at once the elegance and taste of their inhabitants; and above all, the neat cottages, which impart a truth most delightful to the benevolent heart, that comfort, and a considerable portion of refinement, are enjoyed by even the lowest ranks, are all points of beauty which are particularly striking to an American traveller; for they unfold a train of new ideas to his mind, and he at once realizes all the fairy pictures, the outlines alone, of which, he had before been able to trace; and for the first time in his life, he becomes fully sensible of the magic of Shakspeare, the richness of Thomson, and the graphic paintings of Cunningham. Nor did I find the English people less interesting than the landscape. My letters of introduction placed me, at once, in the most delightful society, where, if it had not been for the little girls whom I had left behind me," added the father, as he pressed his daughters closer to him, "I might have been in danger of forgetting that I was not at home."

"But I always understood, papa," interrupted

Cecilia, "that the English were exceedingly cold and reserved in their manners."

"They have that character amongst their neighbours, the French, who, you know, carry their ideas of politeness to perhaps rather an extravagant height; but such they did not appear to me; nor have I ever met with an American traveller, that had had an opportunity of seeing English domestic manners, who did not bear willing testimony to their frankness, refinement, and hospitality; indeed, there is a cordiality in their manner of receiving a stranger, that is an irresistible evidence of their sincerity.

"A gentleman, in whose house I became early familiar, told me one day that he was going to take his wife and children the following morning to have a day's ramble in the country, and kindly invited me to occupy a seat in one of the carriages; and you may be sure I was much pleased with the opportunity of peeping at the beauties of nature, amongst a happy group of children, some of whom, from a similarity of age, as well as other circumstances, often reminded me of yourselves.

"For the first half hour after we had set out on our little journey, the presence of the 'American gentleman' rather checked that buoyancy of spirit, which the suppressed smile, the half whisper, and the side glance showed was waiting only for a little better acquaintance, to burst out with the most fro-

lic gayety; nor was it long before a few well-timed inquiries, and a happily applied anecdote or two relative to the scenes of this country, removed the embargo under which their little tongues had lain, and in a short time, their mother and I became the listeners, instead of the talkers, of the company."

"This is the birthday of these two," said the mother, who seemed, at length, to feel it necessary to make some apology for the volubility of the party, and pointing, as she spoke, to two lovely little girls, who were twins, "and as this treat is given on the occasion, their father and myself are disposed to make it as complete as possible, by allowing the whole party unrestrained indulgence in the pleasures of talking; an enjoyment, which, I suppose, as you have children of your own, you can form some idea of."

"Are your daughters fond of talking?" asked a fine, open-countenanced girl, about ten years old.

"They are, indeed. They will not yield the palm even to you, in that respect, I assure you."

"I should like to see them. Why did you not bring them with you?" asked another.

"If they were here," said one of the little twins, "I would give them some of my pretty flowers. Are they fond of flowers?"

"Oh! certainly; but they have not an opportunity of cultivating them so much as you do here, for the excessive heat of our summers, and the se-

verity of our winters, are particularly unfavourable to flowers. Besides, you must know, my little girl, that mine is a very young country, and my countrymen have hitherto been too busy in draining marshes, felling forests, and extending the boundaries of civilization and government, to think much of what is purely ornamental."

"How can America be a young country, mamma?" asked the other twin sister. "I thought the world had all been created at one time."

"Julia, can you explain that difficulty to your sister?" asked their mother, of one of her elder daughters.

"I suppose," replied Julia, colouring at being thus called upon, yet speaking without hesitation or awkwardness, the reason of America being called a young country, is because it is only about three hundred years since it was discovered by Columbus; and before that time, it was only inhabited by savages, who knew nothing of building houses, or cultivating the ground, or any of those things."

"We had a great deal of conversation of this kind, which proved the children to be both intelligent, and accustomed to think and inquire for themselves; and the time went over so pleasantly, that I was quite surprised when the stopping of the carriage announced the termination of our ride. The farm house, at which we stopped, was a neat, substantially built stone house, with a pretty green,

enclosed by well painted white rails in front, and a large garden at one side, surrounded by the same kind of enclosure, and proving, by its clean walks, its neat well weeded beds, and the variety of flowers and vegetables which flourished in it, that horticulture was considered a part of the owner's business. Though we arrived early, the cattle, which had been collected for the purpose of being milked, in the neat well paved farm yard, were already dispersed, the business of the dairy despatched, and the cheese made; but we were just in time to see the wholesome breakfast of bread and cheese and milk, set out for the troop of reapers, whom we saw in the distance, following each other with beautiful regularity, cutting down the ripened grain, and binding up the sheaves. On the summons for breakfast being given, the whole group, with good humoured, though noisy hilarity, hastened to the house; and I, whilst astonished at their number, which was so much greater than I had ever seen engaged in a similar way at home, was amused with the variety of young and old, grave and gay, and male and female, which it exhibited. I was surprised, however, to find, that even after the reapers were all assembled round the breakfast table, the field which they had left was still covered over with a great many stragglers, who appeared to wander about without any definite object in view, whilst the master, with his stick thrown over his shoulder, strolled

about amongst them, as if his work was not yet suspended. Upon inquiry, I found that these were gleaners, a race of beings of whom we know nothing in this country, except through the poets; and my imagination instantly taking flight at the name, I hastened to the field, not doubting that I should find a Ruth, or a Lavinia, to fill the only corner that was now vacant of the brilliant picture before me. For a long time, however, creeping age, and infant hands, were the only objects which met my view, and I was about to leave the field, disappointed that no 'form fresher than the morning rose' had met my view, when, turning to a remote corner, a being attracted my attention, whose loveliness would require the pen of a Thomson to describe. It was a young female, who had laid an infant, of which she was evidently the youthful mother, upon the bundle of corn which she had just gathered, and left it under the protection of a faithful guardian, a large dog, which still kept watch by its side. I conjectured, that the infant had been asleep when first laid there, but it was now awake, and was tossing about its little hands and feet, and crowing in great glee, highly delighted with a flower that it had accidentally caught in its little hand. The mother had, probably, come when the reapers left the field, to take her breakfast of bread and milk, which was in a basket near her, as well as to look after the safety of her child; and finding it so happy on its

rural bed, she had allowed it to remain there, whilst she, with a mother's vanity, amused herself with ornamenting its little hat with some of the ears of corn that she had just gathered. I do not know that even Thomson would have described her as beautiful, though certainly, 'a native grace sat fair proportioned on her polished limbs,' and the sweet expression of maternal tenderness, which beamed from her eye, and illumined her whole countenance, would have afforded ample scope to his descriptive powers. I stood riveted to the spot, and gazed on this interesting young creature and her child, both as lovely as poet's dream, or the flower that the traveller sees springing from the arid sand of the desert. I took my pencil and endeavoured to sketch the group, with the farm house and the village spire in the distance; not however, for myself, for the picture rests on my mind in more vivid colours than ever were spread on painter's palette, but with the hope of giving you some faint idea of the loveliness that had so much seized my own fancy."

"Ah, papa," said Lousia, archly, "I see, though you are always so anxious to keep us from setting much value on personal beauty, that you admire it as much yourself as any body does."

"You must remember, however, Louisa," returned her father, "that what I have spoken of, is that most delightful species of beauty which is expressive of high moral qualities; and this depends not on

regularity of feature, or perfection of form, but on that which is infinitely superior to both, good and amiable dispositions. Where the mind is pure, the thoughts elevated, and the sentiments liberal and kind, a pleasing expression will be found to pervade the most rugged set of features that were ever bestowed upon a human being. Besides, this species of beauty is highly improvable, for as the mind becomes cultivated—as it takes a wider range among the works of nature, and a deeper interest in the happiness of its fellow-beings, and the cultivation of its own powers, the expression of the face will become more refined and elevated. The chief beauty which struck me in the English gleaner, was that of expression, the expression of a kind and amiable heart, and the light of moral goodness illumined her countenance: and it is that species of beauty alone, my dear children, for which I am anxious to see you conspicuous."

"But, papa!" exclaimed both the sisters at once, as their father now rose from his seat, "you must not leave us so soon, we have not heard half enough about England yet."

"I have spent as much time with you as I can spare at present, but will take an early opportunity of indulging myself in retracing some more English scenes, many of which were as new, though few more interesting than the Gleaner."

THE MOTHER.

A SKETCH.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

EARLY in one of those beautiful mornings of last May, that called forth from the city so much of its youth, beauty, and even its decrepitude, to inhale health and gratify a refined taste, I was riding along the narrow road that skirts the Schuylkill, about a mile above the princely and hospitable mansion of Mr. Pratt. Solitude and the darkening foliage of the surrounding trees gave a solemnity to the scene, that those, whom grief and habits of reflection render fond of retirement, so dearly love. Not a breath of air disturbed the leaves of the branches that stretched across the pathway. It was the true silence of nature in her secret places, and the mind, undisturbed by outward objects, grew busy in the solitude. An opening in the bushes on the left, showed the summit of the hills on the opposite banks of the river, just touched with the yellow tints of the rising sun; and the dew-gems upon its luxuriant grass glanced its beams in all their prismatic beauty; but below and between, the mist of the night, settling upon the bosom of the river, hid the

placid stream, or rolled heavily off toward the opening of a distant interval. And such, thought I, as I checked my horse to contemplate the scene, such is my course—darkened now and solitary, but beyond me, and beyond this life, are scenes of happiness lit up, like that hill, with the rays of hope and promise; yet, between me and those enjoyments lies a fearful passage, darkened by the mists which the night of ignorance has caused to settle upon it, and deep and dangerous as my errings have made it. A train of reflections was following—reflections such as one who had sat for months in the contemplation of near approaching death, may be supposed to indulge, when my eye, dropping from the sunlit eminence above, rested upon an object at the distance of a few yards from us, between the road and the river. A slight breeze dissipated the mist from the spot, and I discovered a female, apparently lifeless, stretched along the ground.

Alighting from my horse, I approached within a few feet of the woman, when she raised her head suddenly from the little eminence upon which it had rested, and showed a face that had once been beautiful, now marred by continued sorrow, and inflamed by recent indulgence of grief.

With a hasty apology for what might appear an impertinent intrusion, and proffering what aid I could bestow, if any should be needed, I withdrew a few yards; but, whether the lady felt that there

was something in her appearance and situation that required explanation, or whether my wasted, consumptive form, and hollowed, sallow cheek, forbad a thought of intrusion, and invited confidence, I cannot tell—she hastily adjusted her hair and dress, and beckoned me with the solemnity of grief to approach. With those feelings that affliction ever excites, I complied with the intimation, and soon discovered that I was in the company of one for whom education and affection had done much, but deep and lasting sorrow more. I respectfully tendered anew to the female, whatever assistance her circumstances might demand, and mine would allow. "I am alone," she said, "in the world, and the little that nature requires is easily obtained. All that life had valuable, has been taken from me; and death which to some is a dreadful consideration, I contemplate with pleasing satisfaction, while I await it with resigned patience. Not my afflictions, but their consequences, have prepared me for that event; and I look with pleasure to the rapidly approaching time when I shall lie *beneath* the hillock from which I have now risen, and none shall be able to call me back to the bitterness of my earthly lot. All that was dear to me in life is there, and where my earthly treasures are deposited, there my heart is also."

I learned from the lady, that her husband had left England with a view of establishing himself

in this country; and, after residing in Philadelphia a few months, he sent to her a letter, acquainting her with his prospects of business, directing her to dispose of whatever property she had, and to come with the children to him. She complied with his request, and arrived in America ten days after the death of her husband.

A stranger and a widow, unused to depend upon herself, she at first almost sunk beneath the afflictive stroke of Providence: but the claims of five children called a mother to a sense of her duties. She exerted herself, but still found that the little which remained of her limited store, was daily wasting; "and," said she, "I knew not the power that would give the prolific blessing to the last measure of meal in my barrel, or that could bid me still pour out abundance from the widow's exhausted cruise. To protract life then, scarcely to save it, I left the city, and took yonder miserable hut that had been deserted by a family of blacks. Here, with rigid economy and unsparing labour, I might have raised my children, imparting to them the rudiments of an useful education; but your climate, at best unfriendly to health, and rendered still more deleterious by our contiguity to the river, and exposure to the morning and evening moisture, proved too powerful for my children. The eldest, wasted away with racking chills, or almost shrivelled by burning fevers, expired in my arms, with a blessing upon me

mingling with his last accents. We laid him here in this grave, and when the earth was heaped over him, I returned to renew my watchings with the next.

"Death was busy with my household: in three months, four of my children were brought to this spot. And perhaps the last would have been with them, but for the change of atmosphere that checked the progress of disease. How strong is a mother's love! All the affection which had diffused itself over my four children, had centred with deep intensity upon him that had been spared,—my youngest boy. Let a mother indulge her fondness. He was beautiful; poverty had not crushed his spirits; and, knowing little of other joys, he had moulded even his childish sports to my wishes. How often, as I threw back the clustering curls to impress upon his polished forehead a mother's kiss, has my heart ached at the thought that we must separate; that before long, I must be with those dear ones that had gone, and then who would watch over my Albert. The cold charities of public provision, meted out to him among a squalid race, cradled in misery and nurtured to crime; what were these to one—poor, poor indeed, but endowed with an appetency for good, and taught to love virtue, not for its reward, but for its excellence?

"It is now three weeks since, finding some necessity to visit the seat of our opulent neighbour,

I left my Albert in care of the house, with especial charge to guard the little enclosure. My errand was unusually fortunate; and, as I hastened home, I thought of the delight which my child would evince in contemplating an acquisition which, by the kindness of a lady, I had made. I thought of the smile that was to play over his features, as he should come bounding along the pathway to greet my return, and aid me in carrying my well-stored bundle.

"I approached the house, but Albert did not appear. I looked when he should spring from behind a tree to surprise me, and even conned the little monition which I should give him for the rudeness that yet could not offend. He was perhaps studying his lesson, and did not think of my return; for children forget often, very often, when a parent's heart yearns most for them. Agitated with undefinable fears, I hastened forward, and when within a few paces of the house, I discovered my lamb sitting and leaning against the trunk of a large tree. For a moment the blood curdled at my heart, and thoughts, thick coming and fearful, passed my mind with a rapidity that none but a parent, an afflicted and suffering parent, can know."——The woman paused, and laying her hand upon my arm, said inquiringly—"You are a father?"——

I bowed assent.

"And have mourned the loss of a child?" again she asked.

The tear that smote her hand as it still rested on my arm, told her that I could sympathize with her.

"I may then proceed, for only to a parent may a parent tell her woes. But still you cannot know it *all*!—No, a mother only, only a mother may drink of *that* cup!—Oh! how a mother loves her boy—and that one, one spared from all,—I have held him to my bosom in moments of deep feeling, when sorrow, poverty, and despair, have chilled every current from the heart. I have pressed my Albert there, and, one by one, the remembrance of woes fled away, a smile lighted up my countenance, and the blood gushed through my veins with the elastic play of youth.

"But let me not weary you——I stepped toward the child—he was asleep. I gazed with a mother's fondness, and with a mother's pride. The sun was pouring his setting beams upon his face, and the wind scattered the curls of hair that lay in profusion on his shoulders. I kneeled to kiss and bless the boy, and thanked God that *he* was spared me.

"That night Albert awoke with a hoarseness, and other indications of a cold—caught probably while sleeping in the open air. I resorted to the usual applications, but in vain. The next day saw him worse, and the medical adviser who visited him the third day, expressed serious apprehensions. Let

me hasten to the close. The night succeeding, as I sat with my Albert on my knees, I noticed that the filmy whiteness which had rested on his eyes during the day, had passed off; they were brilliant beyond the brightness of health. I knew the approaches of death too well to be deceived; yet I gazed with agonizing intensity. The lamp poured a pale light upon his visage, over which a hectic flush was passing:—'Mother, dear mother,' died away half-articulated by the angel;—a slight convulsion distorted his lip—and—and—I was left alone.——When the physician came the next morning, he found me sitting in my chair, and Albert on my knees.

"They buried him here—here with all my flock—all in one grave—over which I kneel so often, that not one blade of grass springs above them—nor must it—the earth will soon be removed for me; and when I sleep with my babes, the grass will then grow over us, for there will be none—no, not one, to shed a tear upon our resting place—for I am alone—all, all alone."——

When the paroxysm of passion had passed off, I asked whether she had not relations in England. She replied in the negative. A brother and her oldest son left that country for India, more than twelve years since, and though certain intelligence of their death had not been received, still there was not a

doubt that they had fallen victims to the disease incident to the interior of Hindoostan.

When I turned to leave the scene of affliction that I had witnessed, the mists of the morning had passed away from the river; and the whole width of the stream lay before me, glistening in silvery whiteness with the rays of the risen sun. Half an hour before, absorbed in my feelings, I had likened the river and its dark folds of mist to death. Does not sympathy in the woes of others diminish the burthen of our own affliction, and tend to chase even darkness and fears from that passage which all must tread?

A few days subsequent to the interview which I have described, an advertisement in the public papers called for information relative to a family, the description of which answered in many particulars to that of the afflicted mother. I called at the "Mansion House" for the advertiser, and found, in a young and interesting stranger, the son who was supposed to have died in India. I acquainted him, in haste, with the situation of his family, and could scarcely restrain him from setting out immediately to find his parent. I knew too well the state of her health to allow such rashness, but promised him that I would accompany him the following morning.

As he approached the abode of his mother, I proposed alighting first, and preparing her, in some measure, for the interview. When we arrived at the opening in the bushes, through which I had first

discovered her, I perceived her kneeling beside the unsodded grave. I urged my companion to pass on. The noise of our horses had disturbed her; she raised her head, and a smile of recognition rested upon her face as she rose to meet me.

"Still," said she, "still, like Rachel, mourning for my children, refusing to be comforted."

"Yet, madam," said I, "there may be comfort; the survivors may, by kindness and sympathy, teach you, if not to mourn less for the dead, at least to live for the living."

"There is no such hope," said she; "I can say with the afflicted one of old—'Lover and friend thou hast put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.'"

"But you mentioned a son in India."

"I mentioned him as dead," said she.

"But, madam," I replied, "I have reason to believe, nay to know, that he did not die at the time to which you refer."

"Does he live *now?* Is he alive?"—asked the mother with haste.

"The young man who accompanied me has seen your son, and can give certain information of his welfare. Shall I call him hither, or will you see him at the house?"

"Here, even here; my home is on the grave of my children." I stepped to the road, and beckoned

to the young man. He approached the grave in some haste.

——"You have seen my son—you know him —you can tell me—me, his mother—of his welfare."—

The youth lifted his dark eye, swimming in tears, and vainly endeavoured to reply. He scarcely articulated his name, and the mother and the son rushed into each other's arms, and knelt down in a convulsive embrace upon the grave, the altar of *her* morning sacrifice.

When the son attempted to rise, his mother fell from his arms pale and lifeless. The gush of pleasure had been too strong; she had breathed her last blessings upon the bosom of her son; and now lay unconscious of joys or sorrows.

The son, in a few weeks, returned to India.

The mother is buried with her children, upon the banks of the Schuylkill; and my young readers will perhaps lengthen their morning walk, in the coming summer, to see whether there is a rose upon the bush that I have placed at the head of the grave.

THE STORM.

BY MRS. HUGHS.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"WILL you come to our house, and help Jenny, for my mother is very ill?" said a little girl, in the feeble accents of childhood, whilst she knocked at the door of a cottage. The voice was weak, but it uttered tones, which, though they may sometimes be heard with indifference by the inmates of a palace, never fail to find a ready way to the heart of the humble cottager. "What sound is that I hear?" said the mistress of the lowly dwelling, as the voice of the child roused her from a sound sleep; "was I dreaming? or did I really hear a voice?"

"Will you come to my mother, for Jenny thinks she is dying?" continued the little girl, as she again applied her hand to the door. Convinced now that it was no dream, the benevolent cottager started from her bed, and opening the door, exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "Why, Sally, is that you?—Here, all by yourself, in the very dead of night!"

"My mother is so ill that Jenny could not leave her, and she had nobody else to send to ask you to come and help her."

"Come, John, get up directly!" said the woman, rousing her husband, who under the influence of a previous day of hard labour, had slept too soundly to hear what passed. "Get up! for you will very likely have to go for the doctor. And come in, Sally dear, till I get something on me, and I will go with you in a minute."

Very little preparation was necessary, and in a few minutes the kind-hearted woman hastened to the house of sickness, accompanied by the little girl, and followed by her husband, who though not less willing, was much less able to throw off the lethargic influence of sleep, and trudged after the nimble feet of his wife as if scarcely conscious whither he was going. As the distance was very short, he had not time to get fully awake, before the little Sally opened the door of her mother's house and ushered himself and his wife in; but on entering, a sight presented itself to their view that instantly roused every feeling of the soul to pity and commiseration. On an humble bed, in the corner of a very humble apartment, lay stretched the form of her to whose assistance they had been summoned; not, however, either writhing with pain or burning with fever, but cold, stiff, and lifeless; whilst a bowl stood near, which told at once, by its contents

that the rupture of a blood-vessel had produced the sad catastrophe. By the side of the bed knelt her daughter, a girl about sixteen, who, "struck with sad anguish at the stern decree," seemed to retain little more of life than the corpse, the hand of which she grasped between hers, whilst her eyes were riveted on the motionless face, with an expression of the most heart-rending agony. Grief wears a variety of forms, according to the nature of the mind of which it takes possession; but it assumes no appearance that imparts so immediate a sense of its intensity to the heart of the spectator, as that silent and speechless sorrow that finds no relief from utterance. In vain did the benevolent neighbours endeavour to rouse the poor girl from her trance of wo; the stroke had been so sudden, so unlooked-for, and was so appalling in its nature, that poor Jenny, though she had been long familiar with adversity, seemed ready to sink under it, without a single effort to resist its overpowering influence.

"Jenny! dear Jenny! don't take on this way!" said the humane neighbour, whilst her husband raised the almost insensible girl from her kneeling posture by the bed-side, and placed her on a chair. The little Sally imagining, from the stillness that prevailed, that her mother had fallen asleep, had kept at a distance from the bed-side, lest she should by any means disturb her; but now beginning to wonder why her sister should thus be the chief ob-

ject of anxiety, she had crept softly forward to investigate the cause, and set her eyes, for the first time in her life, on the features of death. The sudden cry which she gave, was the first sound that reached the heart of the grief-stricken Jenny; and as the weeping child ran toward her, she opened her arms, and clasping her to her bosom, wept over her in all the luxury of sorrow. Her compassionate neighbours knew enough of the human heart, to judge it best to leave her to herself; and, therefore, summoning some other of their friends to their assistance, they busied themselves about the various offices for the dead, and left poor Jenny to the undisturbed indulgence of her wo. But Jenny's grief was too intense to allow her long the relief of tears, and she sat, almost motionless, clasping the little Sally in her arms, who had soon wept herself to sleep, and waited till she was permitted again to throw herself by the side of her lifeless parent, and watch over the remains of what she had so fondly loved. This indulgence was all that she desired, and all of which she was capable of partaking; and she sat watching the body almost without either speaking, or moving, till the moment arrived when it was to be deposited in its last silent mansion. Then it was, that the poor girl felt that she had indeed lost her beloved parent for ever. Whilst the lineaments still remained before her view, on which she had so long delighted to gaze, even though

they were cold and motionless, she felt as though she had still something to rest upon; but when these too were taken away, when the very shell which the soul of affection had once inhabited, was removed from a world in which she herself was still to remain, she, for the first time, became sensible of that total destitution of soul that is felt after the loss of those we love. Happily, however, for poor Jenny, she was forbidden, by the calls of imperative necessity, to indulge in unavailing sorrow; and the exertions that her forlorn situation demanded, proved the most effectual balm to her wounded bosom; and gradually, a meek submission to the will of Him to whom she had been taught from her earliest infancy to bow in humble confidence, superseded that bitter anguish which had at first swelled her heart almost to bursting.

The parent, whom Jenny so deeply mourned, had been left a widow some months before the little Sally was born. She had two children then living; Jenny, who was at that time about nine years old, and a boy, five years her senior. The mother had, before her marriage, been an upper servant in a genteel and respectable family, and had acquired, in consequence, a degree of cultivation superior to the situation in which her marriage afterwards placed her. The chief ambition of her heart was to keep her children under her own eye, and to train their infant minds to religion and virtue. But William,

her boy, who was fourteen at the time of his father's death, soon began to be anxious to do something for himself; and, as the surest and shortest means of attaining that desirable end, he had fixed his mind upon the sea. In vain did his mother remind him that the salt wave had been the grave of his father, or endeavour to impress upon his mind the many anxious days and sleepless nights he would thus impose upon her; he saw no other means half so likely to enable him, in the course of a few years, to provide for her and his sisters, and to relieve her delicate frame from the hardship, which it was so ill calculated to bear, of labouring for their subsistence. "Besides, mother," remonstrated he, "I have no other chance of seeing the world, but by being a sailor, and I could never be happy without seeing some of the strange countries that my father used to tell me about. And you know, too," continued the generous boy, looking as he spoke at his elder sister, to whom he was exceedingly attached, "by the time that I am out of my apprenticeship, Jenny will be almost grown up, and with the wages I can then earn, and your good management, we shall be able to give her some good schooling, and keep her at home with you; for she is too pretty and too delicate to go to service." Jenny was indeed beautiful, even at that early age, and every year, as it added to her height, increased also the grace and loveliness of her form. Her features were regular,

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he rcomplexion not only fair but almost transparent, while her bright auburn locks hung in luxuriance about her face and shoulders. But it was not in the symmetry of feature or the grace of form, that Jenny's beauty was centred. It was the inward harmony which presided over all, and gave to her full blue eyes an expression of the most touching sensibility, that made her an object so delightful to look upon: and her mother felt, as she gazed upon her, that she must perform her own duties ill indeed, if, even without any higher advantages of education than she could herself give her, the lovely bud, as it expanded into maturity, did not become a flower worthy of being transplanted into the most highly cultivated garden.

William went to sea, and his mother had all the satisfaction that a mother's heart can enjoy, of hearing his master express, at every return of the vessel, the highest approbation of his conduct. Thus supported and comforted by her children, she laboured incessantly but cheerfully for her own and their support, at first as a seamstress; but this sedentary occupation being unfavourable to her constitution, she afterward rented a small cottage to which was attached a garden of considerable extent, which Jenny and she managed to cultivate themselves, with the aid of very little hired assistance; and, from the sale of the produce, she contrived to make a scanty but respectable livelihood.

Time thus rolled on, Jenny had completed her thirteenth year, and her William was within a few weeks of being out of his time. But alas! William was away, and many weeks, nay months, had passed over without his having been heard of. Again and again, had she gone to the owners to inquire after him, but in vain; no tidings had been received of the vessel since she had left the port at which she had taken in her lading, and had sailed homeward bound; and though the usual length of the passage was that of two or three weeks at furthest, above thrice that number had elapsed without any tidings of her having been received.

The poor widow had, on the evening previous to her death, again been at the owner's on the mournful errand of inquiring after her lost boy, and had again returned disappointed and dejected. She had, on her way thither, been overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, which had wet her clothes quite through. She had paid no attention, however, to the circumstance; for her mind was engrossed with the thought of her child, and though Jenny, on her return home, used every means in her power to prevent her taking harm from it, a cough, to which she had always been subject, and which at that time was worse than usual, soon showed how much injury she had received. In a violent paroxysm of coughing, she had ruptured the blood-vessel that put so

sudden a period to her existence, and left poor Jenny alone and destitute in the world,—alone except the little helpless being, whose dependence upon her seemed only to make her situation still more deplorable. Jenny's mind, however, was one of those which, though tuned to every gentle feeling, yet possessed a native strength which rose in proportion to the pressure of misfortune; so that, as she looked upon little Sally, and considered that she was now, in all probability, her only earthly protector, she felt a tenderness almost parental rise within her, and she determined to resist every inclination to selfish indulgence of her feelings, and exert every energy for the support of her little orphan sister,—the posthumous heir of poverty and sorrow. But let not those who are surrounded by plenty, even though mourning the loss of some beloved relative, imagine that they know the difficulties of the task that poor Jenny had to perform; nor yet those who though pressed by the hard gripe of poverty, have yet some remaining friends from whom they have a right to claim the tender balm of sympathy; for of these comforts poor Jenny was equally destitute, and she found herself standing alone in the wide world, poor, friendless, and forlorn; deprived of "every stay save innocence and Heaven." It is true, some faint hope still played about her heart, that her beloved brother—her kind, her affectionate William, might yet be restored to her; but every

day, as it passed over her head, made that hope more faint, till, like the hues of its own bow, which gradually fade into ether, it died away by degrees in her bosom; and at length scarce a tint remained to give its colouring to the mental horizon. Still, however, she bore up and struggled against the despondency that threatened to lay hold of her mind; and even though grim want seemed ready to stare her in the face, her steadfast spirit, relying upon the goodness of that superintending Power, that is ever ready to be a father to the fatherless, looked up to heaven with a confident hope that she would not be forgotten. "Will He,' she would say, as she watched the fruit ripen, or the seed germinate, "will He who takes care of all these things and gives them the nourishment which they require, turn a deaf ear to the cry of his orphan children? It cannot be! That little bird," she continued, "is pouring forth its soul in thankfulness and joy, though it has no stores laid up for to-morrow, and I too will trust to the same protecting Power." But from what source to-morrow's fare was to be derived, poor Jenny could form but little idea. Autumn was now far advanced, and the produce of their garden had become very scanty, whilst the expenses attendant on her mother's funeral had entirely exhausted their small store of money; so that when the little Sally complained of hunger, and begged that she would give her something to eat, she put the last

morsel of bread into her hands, totally at a loss to conjecture whence the money was to be derived that was to purchase more. "Why will you not eat any yourself, Jenny?" said the child, as she eagerly devoured the dry morsel. "I am sure you must be hungry, for I have not seen you eat any thing to-day." "I do not want to eat," replied Jenny, forcing herself to speak in a cheerful tone, though she felt at the same moment that the coarsest food would be to her a most delicious repast. "Is it because there is no more in the house?" asked Sally, whose mind, for the first time, received the idea of their scanty provision. Jenny was silent. "There is more bread here than I want," said the child, breaking, as she spoke, the piece of bread that she had before declared was not half so much as she could eat. "Take this piece, Jenny, I don't want it, and I am sure you will like it after you have tasted it."

Jenny had watched, with a dry eye, her little sister devouring their last morsel of food, whilst she herself was suffering under the most importunate demands of hunger; but this tender sympathy in the child, and her willingness to give up a part of what she so much needed herself, brought a flood of tears to her eyes. "He, who feeds the young ravens when they cry cannot let such sweetness and innocence suffer for want of food," said she inwardly, as clasping the child in her arms, she bathed her cheeks

with her tears. "Don't cry Jenny," said the affectionate little girl, as she wiped the tears from her sister's eyes with her little apron. "Don't cry. Indeed I don't want any more just now, and I dare say you will get another loaf before I am hungry again. And who knows but William may come back, and then we shall have every thing that we want? You have not been at the owner's lately, Jenny, to ask about the ship," continued the child, anxious to divert her sister's mind from the sad subject of her reflections. "Why don't you go, Jenny?"

"I am afraid there is little use in it," answered her sister in a tone of despondency.

"But try, Jenny, just try once more, and perhaps good news may come when you are not expecting it."

"Well, we will go now," returned Jenny; "and," added she, "there are a few plums on the old tree that we will take with us, though they are not half ripe yet; and perhaps we may get somebody to give us as much for them as will get bread enough to keep us from starving at least one day longer. A little basket was soon filled with the plums, and they set out, once more cheered by that hope which seldom totally forsakes the bosom of youth and innocence: but, on arriving at the owner's, Jenny was surprised to find all in a state of confusion. The servant that came to the door was evidently much

agitated, and on Jenny's making her accustomed inquiry if any thing had yet been heard of the ship, she was told by the girl that a letter had, a very short time before, been received by her mistress, informing her that some wrecks of the vessel had been cast ashore, and some of the sailors' chests, amongst which was one bearing the name of William Anderson; and that there was every reason to believe that all the crew were lost. Here then was a fatal blow to all the fond hopes that Jenny had so anxiously cherished; and her affectionate brother, on whom she had relied for support and consolation in the hour of affliction, had himself found a premature and watery grave. The servant's sympathy was too powerfully excited for the distress of her mistress, whose husband had filled the double station of master and owner, to leave much to bestow upon poor Jenny; so that, after giving her all the information in her power, she turned from the door, leaving the two orphan sisters to themselves to mourn over their share of this heavy calamity. Jenny turned her steps homeward, with a heart bowed down with affliction, and was only made conscious of where she was and whither she was going, by the questions that Sally occasionally put to her. "Look at that black cloud, Jenny," said the child, "I never saw such a cloud before. Do you think we can get home before the rain comes on?" Jenny looked up and saw that the sky

had indeed a most portentous aspect; but the gloom that surrounded her only seemed to be in unison with the state of her mind, and she almost felt rejoiced that nature did not wear the appearance of gladness, whilst she felt that all was darkness within. "Isn't that thunder?" asked Sally, as a deep and distant murmur rolled round the horizon. "And there is lightning, and there is another flash," continued the child; "Oh! I wish we were at home." Jenny saw the lightning and heard the thunder, but she heard and saw almost without being conscious that she did either; for her mind was absorbed in the idea of her beloved brother having been exposed to a storm, such as that which was approaching, accompanied with the additional horrors of a tempestuous ocean. A violent gust of wind now swept past them, and the thunder which, only a moment before, had rolled at a distance, burst over their heads with a noise which seemed to shake the very ground on which they stood; whilst the clouds brooded around in almost midnight darkness, or only parted to emit flashes of lightning, that, for the instant, illumined every object.

"Oh! Jenny, what must we do?" cried the little Sally, shrinking with fear, and putting her hands to her ears to shut out the noise of the thunder. Jenny put her arm round the neck of the child, and pressed her tenderly toward her, as, looking up at the forked shafts which flew across the skies, she

inwardly breathed the prayer that He who rolls the thunderbolt and sends the lightning forth, if it was his pleasure that they should either of them fall beneath the stroke, would in his mercy let them sink together; and not leave one remaining, the helpless or wretched survivor of the other.

Jenny perhaps never looked more beautiful or interesting than she did at that moment, as she stood turning her back to a storm which she no longer felt the power to resist, her arm passed with an almost maternal tenderness round the neck of her orphan sister, who seemed to rest against her as if assured that she was under the care of a protecting angel; and her fine eyes raised to heaven with a mingled expression of steadfast faith and humble submission. "My mother! my dear William!" she faintly uttered, "perhaps these shafts of lightning are sent as the messengers of our reunion." As she said this, a voice seemed to be borne along on the wind, and she almost fancied that she heard her own name pronounced. "It is a wild thought," she continued internally, "but I could almost imagine that William's voice is in the wind, and that he is calling me to join him and our blessed mother in the regions above." Again the voice sounded in her ear, and again, and again —it grew louder and more distinct—what could it mean? Was she already in the region of spirits? or were those angelic beings really permitted, as

has sometimes been imagined, to revisit this world and hover over those whom they had loved on earth? As she asked herself the question, she turned round, but what words can express her feelings when, on doing so, she beheld, hastening toward her with all the speed that the violence of the storm would permit, the beloved brother whom she had believed to be the inmate of a watery grave! Her mind had been strung to too high a degree of agony, and she was too much exhausted from the want of food, to bear this sudden revulsion of feeling without sinking under it. She uttered a scream, and made an attempt to rush forward, but her limbs became powerless, a film came over her eyes, and she would have sunk on the ground, had not William reached her in time to receive her in his arms. So deep was the swoon into which she had fallen, that there was time for her to be conveyed to a house that was at no very great distance, before her consciousness again returned to her. When it did, she started up, and looked eagerly around, as if to assure herself that the object she had seen had not been a mere vision of the imagination; but she was soon convinced of the happy reality, for her eye immediately rested on her beloved William as he stood trying to still the cries of the little Sally, who could not be convinced that the insensible state in which Jenny lay was not equally hopeless as that which she had first witnessed at the time of her mother's death.

on which we are apt to place so much importance, will soon be lost in the grand and comprehensive distinctions of virtue and vice; to which standard alone, all will be brought, and which may at once place the humblest peasant above the proudest monarch."

"Yes! yes! Jenny," said the young sailor, "we know that whatever storms may beset us, we still have a never-failing Friend, always at hand, who will steer us to a safe harbour at last. So come, my sweet lily and my pretty rose-bud," added he, taking a hand of each of his sisters, "cheer up, my girls! for, though the winds still blow and the skies frown, by the blasts of poverty, at least, you shall never more be assailed, as long as your brother's arm has power to protect you."

THE SOUVENIR.

It was the afternoon of Christmas eve. The weather was delightfully mild for the season, and the sky without a cloud. The streets of Philadelphia were unusually crowded, and the whole appearance of the city was gay and animated. The fancy stores were resplendent with elegant ribbons, laces, scarfs, and reticules, and the shops for artificial flowers, made a display which rivalled nature in her most blooming season. It was a pleasing spectacle to see so many parents leading their children, all with happy faces; some full of hope, and others replete with satisfaction; some going to buy Christmas gifts, others carrying home those already purchased. Mr. Woodley went out with his two boys to choose little presents for them, regretting that Amelia, his eldest daughter, was obliged to remain at home in consequence of a severe cold.

They soon entered a toy-shop, where Charles made choice of a toy representing William Tell directing his arrow toward the apple on the head of his son, who stood blindfold at a little distance, and, by pulling a string, the arrow took flight and struck

the apple off the boy's head. This Charles called a very sensible toy, and his father bought him also a box containing little wooden houses, churches, and trees, which could be so arranged as to form a village.

Oswald, who was long since past the age of toys, selected, at a neighbouring shop, a very pretty and curious little writing apparatus of the purest and most transparent white marble. It looked like a very small vase, but it contained an ink-stand, sand-box, wafer-box, a candlestick for a wax taper, and a receptacle for pens: all nicely fitting into each other, and so ingeniously contrived as to occupy the smallest space possible.

"Oswald," said Mr. Woodley, "you have chosen so well for yourself, that I will leave to you the selection of a present for your sister Amelia. Oswald thought of many things before he could fix on any one that he supposed would be useful or agreeable to Amelia. She had already a handsome work-box, a bead-purse, and a case of little perfume bottles. For a moment his choice inclined to one of the elegant reticules he saw in a window they were just passing, and then he recollected that Amelia could make very beautiful reticules herself. At last, he fixed on a Souvenir, and wondered that the thought had not struck him before, as Amelia drew very well, and was an enthusiastic admirer of fine engravings.

They repaired to a neighbouring book-store, where, amid a variety of splendid Souvenirs, Oswald selected for his sister one of those that he considered the most beautiful, and had the pleasure of carrying it home to her.

To describe the delight of Amelia on receiving this elegant present, is impossible. She spread a clean handkerchief over her lap before she drew the book from its case, that it might not be soiled in the slightest degree, and she removed to a distance from the fire lest the cover should be warped by the heat. After she had eagerly looked all through it, she commenced again, and examined the plates with the most minute attention. She then showed them to her little brother and sister, carefully, however, keeping the book in her own hands.

"Amelia," said Oswald, "I know a boy that would be very happy to examine this Souvenir. He has no opportunity of seeing any thing of the kind, except by gazing at the windows of the book-stores."

AMELIA.—And who is this boy?

OSWALD.—His father, who has seen better days, is an assistant in our school, and the boy himself is one of the pupils. His name is Edwin Lovel. He has a most extraordinary genius for drawing, though he has never had the means of cultivating it to any extent. He is a very sensible boy, and I like him better than any one in the school. His mother must

be a nice woman, for though their income is very small, Edwin always makes a genteel appearance, and is uniformly clean and neat. He is also extremely handsome. All his leisure time is devoted to drawing. He first began on the slate, when he was only four years old, and had nothing else to draw on till he was nine or ten. Now, he saves what little money he has, for the purpose of buying paper and pencils. He has no box of colours, but draws only in Indian ink, which he does most beautifully. He never likes to see any thing wasted that can be used for drawing, and is even glad to get the cover of a letter.

AMELIA.—You remind me of the French artist Godfrey's fine picture of the Battle of Pultowa, which he drew, while in prison, on the backs of letters pasted together; using, instead of Indian ink or colours, the soot of the stove-pipe mixed with water.

OSWALD.—Well, Edwin Lovel is not quite so much at a loss for drawing materials, for he has a cake of Indian ink and four camel's hair pencils. He draws with a pen beautiful title-pages, decorated with vignettes, for his copy-books and ciphering-books; and the boys pay him for ornamenting their writing-pieces. He was for a long time very unwilling to take money for those things, but we finally prevailed on him, though with great difficulty. He passes most of his evenings in drawing; that

is, when he has any candle of his own, for he will not, even in the pursuit of his favourite gratification, cause the slightest additional expense to his parents, who find it very hard to live on his father's small salary.

AMELIA.—What an excellent boy he must be.

OSWALD.—Last Saturday afternoon, I thought I would go for him and take him to see some very fine pictures which were to be sold at auction on Monday. The door was opened by a half-grown black girl, (their only servant,) who was probably not accustomed to admitting visiters, and, therefore, knew no better than to show me at once up stairs to Edwin's chamber; a very small place, perfectly clean, but furnished in the most economical manner. There was no fire in the room. Edwin was sitting at a little pine-table with his great coat on, and his feet enveloped in an old muff of his mother's to keep them warm. He was busily engaged in copying a head of Decatur from a china pitcher, improving on it so greatly as to make it a very fine drawing.

AMELIA.—Poor fellow! had he nothing better to copy?

OSWALD.—Why, I asked him that question, but he confessed that he was at so great a loss for models that he was glad to imitate any thing he could get; and that, having no instructer, he knew no better way to pick up a little knowledge of the general principles of the art, than by copying every thing

that came in his way, provided it was not absolutely bad. I then reminded him that, as he could make admirable sketches from his own imagination, I thought he need not copy at all; but he disclaimed all pretensions to designing well, and then said that, even if his original attempts were tolerably successful, as outlines, it was only by drawing from prints or pictures that he could acquire a just idea of keeping, or of the distribution of light and shadow. He showed me, however, several original drawings, which my father would say evinced an extraordinary degree of talent, and some admirable copies, though many of them were taken from very coarse prints for want of better.

AMELIA.—How very glad he would be to have this Souvenir to draw from.

OSWALD.—He would, indeed. But that Souvenir cost three dollars, and I do not suppose that he ever had three dollars in his life, poor boy—I mean three dollars at once.

AMELIA.—I will willingly lend it to him.

OSWALD.—He has so little time to draw, that it would be a great while before he could return it; or rather, he would be so uneasy at keeping it long, that I know he would send it back before he had half done with it. And, besides, he would have no satisfaction in drawing from *your* book, as he would be in continual fear of dropping his brush on one of the leaves, or of accidentally injuring it in some way

or other. He is very unwilling to borrow any thing that is new or valuable.

AMELIA.—What a pity that a boy of so much genius should find any difficulties in his way.

OSWALD.—There are too many similar instances. Some of the most distinguished artists of the present age have been obliged, in early life, to struggle with indigence, and, indeed, with absolute poverty, much as Edwin Lovel is now doing.

The next morning, Amelia said to her brother as soon as she found him alone, "Oswald, I wish to ask you one question. When we receive a present, does it not become our own?"

OSWALD.—Certainly.

AMELIA.—And we are at liberty to do exactly what we please with it?

OSWALD.—Precisely—only I think we had better not destroy it.

AMELIA.—Of course, not—but we may give it away?

OSWALD.—Why—I do not know—I should not like to give away a present received from a valued friend.

AMELIA.—But if, in giving it away, you make the person on whom you bestow it more happy than you yourself could possibly be made by keeping it?

OSWALD.—If you were sure that that would be the case——

AMELIA.—Oh! I am very sure—I can answer for myself. Therefore, dear brother, I beg your acceptance of my Souvenir.

OSWALD.—Why, Amelia, your kindness surprises me. You know I have already a Christmas gift; the beautiful writing case that my father bought for me yesterday. I cannot take your Souvenir.

AMELIA.—Dear Oswald, for once allow me to make you a present. It is the first time in my life I have had it in my power to offer you any thing of consequence. I shall be so happy, if you accept it—There it is, (*laying the Souvenir on Oswald's knee.*)

OSWALD.—But, Amelia, how can you part so soon with your beautiful Souvenir? You were so delighted with it last evening.

AMELIA.—I know every thing in it—I examined all the plates with the greatest attention, and I read it through before I went to bed.

OSWALD—(*smiling.*)—Well, Amelia, though you are so generous as to make me the owner of the Souvenir, you know it will still remain in the house. I will put it carefully away in my little book case, and whenever you wish to look at it, just tell me so, and you shall have it at any time.

AMELIA.—(*looking disappointed.*)—But, Oswald, are you going to keep it always?

OSWALD.—Always, as the gift of my loving sister.

AMELIA.—But I do not *insist* on your keeping it for ever, dear Oswald. You may give it away again—I shall not be the least offended if you give it away, provided you bestow it properly. Indeed, I would rather you should give it away than not—and as soon as possible, too—this very day, if you choose.

OSWALD.—Surely, Amelia, you have a very strange way of making a present; desiring it to be given away again immediately.

AMELIA.—Why, Oswald, you know you do not draw.

OSWALD.—No, indeed, to my great regret.

AMELIA.—And, if you did, my father would always take care that you should be well supplied with models.

OSWALD.—I suppose he would, as he never lets us want for any thing that could add to our improvement.

AMELIA.—Had not the Souvenir better be given to a person that *does draw* very well,—beautifully, indeed,—but that has no money to buy models?

OSWALD.—In one word—Had not the Souvenir better be given to Edwin Lovel?

AMELIA.—Yes, since it must be told, that is exactly what I mean.

OSWALD.—So I guessed from the beginning. But why did you take such a roundabout way of getting the book put into his possession?

AMELIA.—Why, I do not suppose he would accept it from me, a young girl whom he has never seen; but he would be less scrupulous in taking it as *your* gift, as you are an acquaintance of his.

OSWALD.—Say, a friend.

AMELIA.—I know you so well, that, after our conversation last night, I was certain, if I gave the book to you, you would present it at once to the poor boy; and I was much disconcerted when you pretended at first that you would keep it always.

OSWALD.—Amelia, the book is yours, and the suggestion is yours, and I will not assume to myself more merit than I deserve. If you are determined on giving the Souvenir to Edwin Lovel, the best way is to seal it up in a sheet of white paper addressed to him, and with a few words written on the inside, requesting his acceptance of the book from an unknown admirer of early genius.

AMELIA.—An excellent plan—I wonder I did not think of it before. I will set about it directly.

OSWALD.—Here is a sheet of Ames's best letter-paper, and here is my new writing-box. Let it be used for the first time in a good cause.

AMELIA.—(*sits down and writes.*)—I never wrote any thing with more pleasure.

OSWALD.—Be sure to put "early genius."

AMELIA.—I have.

OSWALD.—Let me see—I never saw any writing of yours look so pretty. Now, I will put up the

parcel, and tie it round with red tape, and seal it, for girls seldom do such things well—(*he folds the book in the paper, ties, and seals it.*) There, now direct it.

AMELIA.—The next thing is, who shall we get to carry it to Edwin?

OSWALD.—Why not William?

AMELIA.—I do not wish my father to know it, lest he should think I set too little value on his Christmas present; and I will never ask a servant to do any thing for me that is to be kept from the knowledge of my parents.

OSWALD.—That is right. I will take the packet to the Intelligence Office, round the corner, and give one of the black boys that are always loitering there, a trifle to carry it to Mr. Lovel's, and just leave it with whoever opens the door.

AMELIA.—That will do very well. Now, Oswald, make haste, for I hear my father coming.

Oswald easily procured a boy to carry the packet to the house of Mr. Lovel, who lived in one of the upper cross streets. The door was opened by the black girl, who immediately recognised the boy as an old acquaintance, and commenced a conversation with him. "Why, Ben," said she, "what is this you have brought for Master Edwin? I guess it's a book. It looks 'xactly like one. All done up so nice, and sealed. Why, I'm puzzled who sended it." "He did not tell me his name,"

replied the boy, "but I guess I know who he is, for all that. It's Master Oswald Woodley, Mr. Woodley, the great merchant's eldest son. My aunt is cook there, and I've often been in the kitchen. And he gave me a quarter-dollar for carrying it; and it must be 'livered into Master Edwin's own private, particular hands."

So saying, he departed, and the girl ran up to Edwin's room, holding out the parcel and saying, "Master Edwin, here's a book for you, signed, sealed, and delivered; sent by Master Oswald Woodley, oldest son of Mr. Woodley the great merchant."

Edwin took the book, and, on opening it, was much surprised to find the note, written in a female hand, and the name of Amelia Woodley on the presentation plate of the Souvenir, which had been inscribed by her father the preceding evening, and which she had forgotten to erase before she sent it away. For some time, his pleasure in examining the beautiful plates absorbed every other consideration, and it was not till he had gone twice over them, that he thought of the mystery connected with the book. His honourable principles determined him not to accept it, as he saw that there was some secrecy about the whole transaction, and that probably the generous young lady, whose name it bore, had sent it to him without the knowledge of her parents. The beauty of the book was a great temptation, and he would have derived much pleasure from

copying some of the fine plates, but still he could not reconcile it to his conscience to keep it, neither would he betray the kind-hearted Amelia to her father. He resolved to seal it up again, and leave it himself at Mr. Woodley's door, addressed to Oswald.

He took his last sheet of paper, and wrote in it as follows:—

"Accident has discovered to me to whom I am indebted for a most beautiful present, but though it has excited my warmest gratitude, I cannot consent to accept it under circumstances of mystery to which the parents of my kind friend may be strangers. I return it with a thousand acknowledgments. EDWIN LOVEL."

Having looked once more at the engravings, he put up the Souvenir, and set out himself to leave it at Mr. Woodley's house, intending to desire the servant that opened the door to give it to Master Oswald.

Mr. Woodley was sitting at the centre-table looking over some English newspapers, and he found in one of them a high eulogium on a new picture by an American artist, now in London. He read the piece aloud, and when he had concluded, "Amelia," said he, "if I am not mistaken, there is in your Souvenir an engraving from this picture. Let me look at it again." Amelia coloured and knew not what to say, and Oswald also seemed

much embarrassed. "My dear," pursued Mr. Woodley, "did you not hear me? If you can get the book conveniently, I should like to look at that plate." Amelia, confused and trembling, tried to speak but could not, and her eyes were immediately filled with tears. "Amelia," said Mr. Woodley, "has any accident happened to the Souvenir?" "No, my dear father," she replied, "but I have given it away." "Is it possible," said Mr. Woodley, "that you were so soon tired of your father's Christmas gift?" "Oh! no, no," replied Amelia, "but there is a poor boy who draws beautifully, and I thought it would make him so happy. Dear Oswald, tell the whole."

Oswald then, as concisely as possible, related all the circumstances: and Mr. Woodley, after gently blaming the children for disposing of the book without consulting their parents, kissed Amelia, and commended her kindness and benevolence in bestowing her Souvenir on poor Edwin Lovel.

Just then a ring was heard at the front door, and William brought in and gave to Oswald the packet, which had been left that moment by Edwin. "Ah!" exclaimed Oswald, on opening the parcel, "this is so like Edwin. He sends back the Souvenir." He then gave Edwin's note to Mr. Woodley, who, after reading it, went to the desk and wrote a billet addressed to Edwin's father, in which he requested him to permit his son to join his family

that day at their Christmas dinner. William was immediately despatched to Mr. Lovel's with the note, and in a short time Edwin arrived, looking very happy; and Mr. Woodley shook him heartily by the hand, on being introduced to him by Oswald. Then, taking up the Souvenir, he held it out to Amelia, and desired her to present it a second time to her brother's young friend. "With my sanction," said Mr. Woodley to Edwin, "you will not again refuse my daughter's gift, though you so honourably returned it when you suspected that she offered it unknown to her parents."

Edwin spent the day with the Woodley family, who were all delighted with his modesty and good sense, and Mr. Woodley made him promise to repeat his visit as often as he had leisure. That evening, Amelia's uncle brought her a present of an Album, bound in green morocco and handsomely gilt, and Edwin requested that she would allow him to take it home and draw something in it.

When he returned the Album, it contained copies, in Indian ink, of the most beautiful plates of the Souvenir, executed in Edwin's very best manner. Mr. Woodley presented Edwin with a portfolio, containing a selection of fine prints, and eventually made arrangements with a distinguished artist to take him as a pupil: his taste for drawing being so decided, and his indications of genius so

extraordinary, it was thought best to yield to his desire of making painting his profession.

Finding Edwin's father to be a very deserving man, Mr. Woodley assisted him to re-establish himself in business, regretting that he should so long have been condemned to the irksome life of a teacher in a school. He was soon enabled to occupy a better house, and to live once more in the enjoyment of every comfort.

E. L.

REVEILLE.

Up! quit thy bower, 'tis the matin hour,
The bell swings low in the windowed tower,
And prayer and psalm in the soothing calm,
Steal out by turns in the air of balm,
And in solemn awe of a morn so still,
E'en the small birds sing with a voice less shrill.

Up! daughter fair, 'tis the hour of prayer,
And hie thee forth in the bracing air;
Now bow the knee, while land and sea
Repose in their bright tranquillity;
And the sun as pure a lustre throws,
As the glorious dawn when he first arose.

E—— W——M.

MOTHER'S JOY.

Why, what a busy maid thou art,
With eyes so like a dove!
And I am sure thy little heart
Is running o'er with love.

No grief hast thou, save now and then
Thy bread and butter falls,—
Or careless little bantam hen
Escapes from her wooden walls.

Sometimes thy roguish brother comes
Along with stealthy tread,
And in thy startled ear he drums,
Or pulls thy curly head.

And these are all the troubles thou
E'er hast, my gentle Mary—
No wonder thou, with happy brow,
Art listening to Canary.

And then thou art so very kind
To every thing that moves—
Thy little feather'd brood all find
How sweetly Mary loves.

James is an active, winning child—
Dearly we love the boy—
But thou, my little maiden mild,
Thou art thy Mother's Joy!

THE CHRISTMAS VISIT.

"COME hither, Emily," said Mrs. Osman to her daughter, a little girl about six years old, who had just returned from school; "Come hither, for I have something to tell you."

"What is it, mamma? Have you had a letter from papa? and is he coming home soon?"

"No, that is not it, though I hope your papa will now very soon be home again; but it is that your friend, Mrs. Cassy, has just been here, to invite you to spend the day with her on Christmas day, to meet your friend Julia."

"Oh! delightful, how very kind Mrs. Cassy is!" said the little girl with great animation.

"She is, indeed! And though the object of this invitation is to give Julia a treat before she leaves the country, which you know she will now soon do, as her mamma has sent for her, to return home with her uncle who is to set off in a few days: yet it will, I am sure, be quite as great a pleasure to yourself; for though Mrs. Cassy has no children of her own, you know how much pains she always takes to make her house pleasant to her little visiters."

"Oh, yes! I remember the last time we were there, she had a large baby for us, that she had dressed herself. And it had a beautiful frock and cap, and a pair of socks, just like those that my little sister Emma wears; and we played at its being sick; and then Mrs. Cassy made a scramble of raisins and sugar-plums, and a great many other good things, and we had such fun in picking them up! Oh! it was delightful. I hope you will let me go, mamma!"

"Yes! upon one condition."

"Oh! I know what that condition will be. It will be about my tickets for good conduct."

"Yes, you are quite right. You know, Emily, your great fault is idling. You are apt to spend your time idling when you ought to be attending to your lessons. But if you get——"

"A ticket every day for good conduct," interrupted the little girl.

"Yes! I am sure you will not receive a ticket for good conduct unless your lessons have been properly attended to, and your behaviour in school has been such as it ought to be; and therefore your going to Mrs. Cassy's must depend upon your tickets for good conduct. It only wants two days to Christmas day, and if you can bring me a ticket each day for good conduct you shall go: but if not, you must be content to stay at home. It is a very short time for you to keep watch over your-

self, so that if you fail, I am sure even your friend Mrs. Cassy herself will not think that you deserve to partake of her kindness."

"Oh! if it only depends upon my getting two tickets for good conduct, I am sure I shall go," returned the little Emily, clapping her hands with pleasure. "Let me see! This is Monday evening; there is only Tuesday and Wednesday; and on Wednesday we shall have school only half the day; so that I shall have to watch myself only a very short time."

"True, Emily, it will only be a very short time, and therefore the terms on which your going depends are not, you see, very severe; but yet that time, short as it is, may be of great service to you, as every time you try, you do something toward forming a habit of attention; and besides, if you succeed, you will both please me, and prove to your friend Mrs. Cassy that you know how to value her kindness."

"I will go directly and learn my lessons for to-morrow," said Emily, and taking up her bag of books she hastened into a little back parlour, in which she was in the habit of studying her lessons. For some time she kept her attention very steadily fixed on her work; but just as she had taken her geography and opened her map to trace the boundaries of North America, a lady who frequently visited her mother. and who sung very

well, began at that moment in an adjoining room to sing a song of which Emily was very fond. The little girl had a very good ear for music, and was so exceedingly fond of it, that it was with great difficulty that she could keep her attention fixed upon what she was doing. Over and over again she was on the point of leaving her lessons, and going into the parlour where the musician was; but she recollected how soon it would be bed-time, and how little time there was whilst the mornings were so very short, to learn any lessons that had been neglected the evening before, and determined to persevere; and clasping her little hands, and laying them on the book before her, as if to hold fast her resolution, she repeated, North America is bounded on the north by the Arctic ocean, on the west and south by the Pacific ocean, and on the east by the Atlantic ocean. It is true that as she repeated this, and found answers to the rest of the questions which were contained in her lesson, her feet beat time against the chair, and her head moved in unison, whilst she sometimes found herself trying to make the words of her lesson accord with the measure of the music, as she spun out the words eighty-five degrees of north la-ti-tude, yet still she contrived to keep her mind fixed upon what she was doing till she had impressed it on her memory, so as to be sure of being able to call it forward, when required, the following day. "Now I know

all my lessons perfectly," said she, as she replaced her books in her bag: "I am sure of not losing my ticket to-morrow on account of my lessons." So saying, she hastened into the other parlour, but the music was over, the lady was gone, and the room was empty. Emily, however, was seldom at a loss for means of amusement, and she skipped about the room, singing "I'll be a butterfly," as if she were indeed that light and airy creature of pleasure. Satisfied with herself for the resolution that she had exercised, the rest of the evening was spent in more than even her usual cheerfulness, and she laid her head down upon the pillow with repeated resolutions of attention the following day. When the little girl opened her eyes the next morning, it looked so gloomy and dark that she very willingly persuaded herself it was too soon to rise, and had just turned over to compose herself for another nap when the clock struck eight. In an instant she was out of bed. She had only a single hour in which to dress herself, to eat her breakfast, and go to school; she had not, therefore, a single moment to lose. Yet a strong temptation assailed her, for on a chair by her bedside lay a small paper parcel, directed to her, which on opening she found to contain a cap, that her friend Julia had made for her baby, and which had been sent to her after she was in bed the night before, and placed by the servant near her bedside, that she might see it as soon

as she rose in the morning. "Oh! what a beautiful little cap," exclaimed Emily. "How sweet my baby will look in it. I must try it on directly. But no," added she, recollecting herself, "I must not stay to try it on now or I shall be too late for school, and then away goes my ticket for good conduct at once." And with an effort of self-denial that would have done credit to a much older mind, Emily put the tempting cap into a drawer and hastened to finish her dressing. Her breakfast was soon swallowed, and she was in the school-room before the school-bell rang. "I think now I am safe for to-day," said she, "only I hope Julia will not be in one of her funny humours and try to make me laugh." To the credit of our little heroine, however, though Julia was in a funny humour and did frequently try to make her laugh, and though Emily's gay and even volatile temper was ever ready to receive a lively impression, yet still she succeeded in keeping herself so far within bounds as to escape reproof, and she returned home in the evening with the wished-for ticket. "Here it is, mamma! here it is!" cried she, running to her mother, and holding out the testimony of her good behaviour. Her mother took the ticket, and congratulated her upon having got over half the time successfully. "More than half, mamma," returned Emma, "for to-morrow will be only half a day, and I have very few lessons to learn to-night."

"I am not sure that you are any more safe on that account, Emma," replied her mother, "for you know I have often remarked to you, that you generally prepare your lessons the worst when you consider them the easiest; as then you are apt, from the idea that they can be learnt in so very short a time, to put them off until you have no time for them at all, instead of learning them first and amusing yourself afterward." "But I will not do so to-night," said the little girl, and away she went directly to study them. And fortunate it was for her that she did so, for she had scarcely finished the last thing that she had to learn before her friend Julia came to play with her. She could now, however, play with safety, and the rest of the evening was passed in amusement. The new cap was tried on and found to fit beautifully, and the baby was dressed and undressed, put to bed and taken up again; declared to be very sick and obliged to take medicine; taken out to visit; sent to bed for being naughty; and, in short, passed through all the vicissitudes of a moderate life-time before the friends parted for the night.

"It is eight o'clock," cried Emily, capering about the room, half dancing and half jumping as she spoke; "I am safe for to-day, and I have only till twelve o'clock to-morrow, and then I shall get my ticket, and then I shall be safe; and then I shall go to Mrs. Cassy's."

And then," rejoined her mother, "I hope you will have learned how much better it is to work first and play after, than to play first and run the risk of the work being neglected altogether."

"Oh! yes, mamma! I intend to remember that in future," said the little girl, and away she went to bed, singing as she went, to a tune of her own making,

"How pleasant it is at the end of the day,
Of no follies to have to repent."

"Emily!" said her mother, rousing her little girl from a sound sleep, as she spoke; "Emily! Do you know it is nearly eight o'clock?"

"Oh! it is time enough, mamma," said Emily, starting up as she spoke; "it struck eight o'clock before I was out of bed yesterday morning; and yet I was in the school-room some minutes before the bell rang."

"But if you trifle in that way, it will be nine o'clock before you are out of this room," continued her mother; as Emily, taking hold of her little night-gown instead of a frock, began to practise her dancing steps. "You see, my dear, you have yet only got your stockings and shoes on; so, at this rate, it will certainly take you more than an hour to finish your dressing."

"Oh! indeed you are mistaken, mamma, you will see how soon I shall be out of the room," and roused

to recollection by this remonstrance, the rest of her dressing was very quickly finished. Her breakfast too was despatched with equal rapidity. "Now I am ready," said she, starting from her chair, and putting on her little brown beaver hat as she spoke; "and now for my coat; but stop," she continued, throwing her coat carelessly over her arm; "I have not my bag: Where is it, I wonder? Oh! I remember! I left it in the piazza when I went to look what sort of a morning it was;" and off she went, dragging her coat, which still hung over her arm, after her; and on the piazza she found her bag, mittens, one of her books, and slate, all lying as she had thrown them out of her hand, to run after some trifle that had at the moment attracted her attention; but as she took up her bag with the intention of putting her book and slate into it, her favourite kitten, which had followed her to the piazza, running after her coat as it dragged after her along the floor, now caught at the bag, and tugged and scratched at it, as if it had been intended entirely for its amusement. This was too congenial with Emily's own frolicsome disposition to be resisted, and there she stood, at one moment drawing the bag away, and the next throwing it back again to the sportive little animal. And we must be permitted here to pause and describe our little friend, as she looked while thus engaged. It was one of those fine mild mornings, which of late years we have so often witnessed

in the very depth of winter, and the sun, which had just risen, sent forth his beams to gild the landscape behind her, defining her figure more clearly by the contrast. To the eye of fancy and affection, that rising sun might have been thought to represent her whose orb like his own was just rising; and though a few mists yet obscured the bright rays of mind which had already begun to beam, yet no one could look at the face, which, though not formed according to any of the acknowledged rules of beauty, was bright with innocence, animation, and happiness, without feeling assured, that as it gained its meridian heights, it would shine forth with pure, unclouded lustre, and prepare the way for a clear and glorious evening. Though Emily, as she thus stood, presented a picture that a painter might study, it was but of short duration, for whilst she yet played with her favourite the clock struck nine, and at once recalled the little girl to a recollection of her folly. "Oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed, "It is nine o'clock, and I am not ready. Get away, kitty! do not come near me again," she continued, as the kitten, which had received no warning from the stroke of the clock, still tried to catch at the strings of the bag whilst she was putting in its usual contents; "get away! for if you had not come near me, I should not have staid so long. I should not have been tempted with any thing else. Oh! how hard my coat is to get on this morning. I cannot tell

what is the matter with this hook and eye! it will not fasten. Yes! now it is fastened and I must run." But though poor Emily did run, and put herself into a most violent heat; and though she went into the school-room puffing and blowing, the words, as she entered, of "Miss Emily Osman—you are too late," told her at once that all chance of visiting her friend Mrs. Cassy was over.

A few tears chased each other silently down her cheek, as she took her seat at her desk, and for the rest of the day it was little effort to poor Emily to be silent and attentive. Julia tried a thousand ways to excite a smile, but in vain; for the idea that she had not only deprived herself of so much pleasure for the morrow, but had disappointed her mamma and appeared ungrateful to Mrs. Cassy for her kindness, weighed on her mind, and every now and then filled her eyes with tears. "Do not cry, Emily, I beg of you," said Julia, as they returned home together, after the school hours were over, "I am quite sure your mamma will let you go to Mrs. Cassy's, after all. I feel quite certain of it, for you know this is almost the last day we have to be together; and I am sure she could not find in her heart to deprive you of the pleasure for such a trifle."

"No! my mamma never changes her mind after she has promised me any thing," said Emily, "and I am glad she does not, because it always

makes me sure that if I am good I shall get the reward I expect."

"Oh! well, but she may change her mind just about such a little trifle as that, after all," returned Julia.

"I am quite sure she will not," was Emily's quiet reply, and the friends parted, as their roads now lay in different directions. As Emily entered the house, she felt almost ashamed of meeting her mamma, and she blushed at the idea of the reluctance which she felt; but she soon found that, for the present at least, she was saved the pain of seeing her, for she was told that a very short time after she went to school, her mother had been sent for to a very particular friend, who was dangerously ill, and that she was not yet returned. Emily always thought the house very forlorn and dull when her mother was not in it, but now that she was out of spirits herself, she felt it more so than ever, and she hung about listless and uneasy, and unable to enter into any of her usual amusements. She tried to sing, but her voice was husky and out of tune. She began to practise her steps, but it was impossible to dance without music, and Emily that day had no music in her soul. She took out her baby, with the intention of amusing herself with it, but it brought to her recollection the pleasure she had expected to enjoy in playing with Mrs. Cassy's baby the next day; and she put it aside, and for

got that she had expected entertainment from it. Even her little kitten, which, from its fondness for play, seemed to be so nearly allied to herself, played with a ball of cotton, or ran after its own tail, round and round the room, in vain; for Emily only recollected that it was it that had tempted her to the neglect of her duty in the morning. "I wonder when my mamma will come home," said she to herself, as the short winter's day began to draw to a close. "I wish she would come that I might see her, and hear her say that she forgives me, and will not punish me any further than by not letting me go to Mrs. Cassy's. I hope she will not look grave at me, for that will be worse than all. I wish she would come that I might know at once what she would say. Oh! perhaps that is she," added the little girl, starting up and running to the window at the sound of the door bell; but it was too dark for her to see who it was, and she was returning to the fireside, when the room door opened and the servant brought in a letter, which he said was for her. "For me!" cried Emily, in great surprise; "who can have written to me? I never received a letter in my life from any body." A lamp, however, was lighted, and the letter opened, which proved to be from Julia, and, after spelling and puzzling over it for a considerable time, Emily at length made out the following epistle:

"My dear Emily,

"I have just heard that your mamma is not at home; and I wanted to come round to you, but my aunt would not let me. But I have sent you the ticket for good conduct, which I got to-day, and you may call it your own. It will not be cheating, you know, because you did behave very well at school, and then we shall meet at Mrs. Cassy's to-morrow, which will be delightful; for you know it is almost the last day that we can be together, before I go away.

"Your affectionate friend,

"JULIA."

Julia, who was nearly two years older than Emily, had written this letter with much more ease than her friend could read it. She, at last, however, succeeded in deciphering it; and, after having made herself fully acquainted with its contents, she took the ticket which was enclosed in it, and putting it very carefully by, as deliberately put the letter into the fire. From that moment Emily's face began gradually to brighten, her voice became less husky, and though she did not jump and skip about as she was in the habit of doing, yet she ceased to stretch and yawn, and wish the evening was over; and her countenance, though more thoughtful than usual, was expressive only of composure and satisfaction. The return of her mamma, which she had sometimes wished for and some-

times dreaded, now appeared to have become of less importance to her, so that on finding, by her usual bed-time, that she was not yet come home, she went very contentedly to bed, and was soon wrapped in a sound sleep. Her first object, on waking in the morning, was to ascertain whether her mother was yet returned, but finding that she was not, she prepared to spend some more hours alone. Emily, however, though a very little girl, was able not only to read, but to understand what she read; so that she could easily find amusement from the variety of little books with which her mamma had supplied her; and this made the morning pass over very comfortably, till about twelve o'clock, when she began to feel very anxious for her mother's return. It seemed a long time since she had seen her; she did not remember, ever in her life having been so long absent from her before, and she sighed and wondered when she would come. At length she heard some one open the front door, and come along the entry; and her little heart began to beat at the idea of meeting her mother. The door opened, but instead of her mamma, Julia entered, very prettily dressed, and evidently prepared for her visit.

"Why, Emily!" she exclaimed, as she came forward, "not dressed yet! I expected to find you ready to go."

"Go where?" asked the little girl.

"Why, to Mrs. Cassy's to be sure. Where else could I mean?"

"You know I am not going to Mrs. Cassy's."

"Why not? Has your mamma found out that the ticket was mine?"

"I have not seen my mamma since yesterday morning. She has never been at home yet."

"Then why are you not going? You have no need to wait for her to give you leave to go, when you know she said you should go if you could bring her a ticket for good conduct, each day; and you can show her one when she comes home."

"Yes! but not one of my own."

"Yes! it is your own, for I have given it to you."

"But it is not gained by my own good behaviour."

"But you deserved to have one, for you never behaved better in school, in your life, than you did yesterday morning. You only lost your ticket for being a very few minutes too late, and therefore, it will not be cheating at all, to tell your mamma that you behaved well." Happily, however, for Emily, there had been so much pains taken to impress upon her mind, from her earliest dawn of thought, a nice distinction between truth and falsehood, that she was not to be deceived by this false reasoning of her friend, whose mind having been less carefully guarded, had adopted the error, so common with young people, that equivocation is

not falsehood. Julia imagined that she would be as unwilling to tell an untruth as Emily herself could be, but she did not consider that a habit of equivocation is as obnoxious as falsehood itself, to that nice sense of honour, which can alone preserve the mind pure and untainted. She had not been taught, with sufficient care, to know, that, though she told a part of what was true, she was yet equally guilty of the crime of falsehood, as long as what she said was dictated by a wish to deceive. Emily, though so much younger, had, therefore, arrived at much greater maturity in the art of reasoning, and had imbibed, even at that early age, an ardent love of truth, and a keen contempt for the meanness of deceit; and she replied, in a quiet but steady voice: "Though I did behave well in school, I should still be cheating, if I made my mamma believe that I got a ticket for good behaviour, and that would take away all the pleasure of the visit;" and, as she spoke, she took the ticket from the place in which she had deposited it, with the intention of giving it to its right owner; but, whilst she held it in her hand, the parlour door opened, and Mrs. Osman entered the room. The moment Emily saw her mother, the recollection of her own fault rose to her mind, and checked the pleasure with which she would otherwise have welcomed her return, and the constraint of her manner was immediately observed by her watchful parent. "What is the

matter, Emily, my dear?" asked she anxiously. "I see by the ticket in your hand, that you have succeeded in gaining your promised reward, and yet you do not appear to be in your usual spirits." Emily's countenance became still more agitated, whilst the colour of her face and neck, the skin of which readily told, by its varying hue, the different fluctuations of her feelings, proved that a severe conflict was passing within. To allow her mother to remain in the error of supposing the ticket to be her own, was impossible: yet how was she to explain the fact of its being Julia's, without exposing the fault of her friend? for she knew that her mamma's first question would be, "what had she to do with Julia's ticket?"

"What is the matter, my dear?" again asked the anxious mother, "is there any objection, which I am ignorant of, to your going to Mrs. Cassy's to-day?"

"Mamma, I have no right at all to go," replied Emily, almost trembling with agitation as she spoke.

"Why not? You got your ticket yesterday I see."

"No, mamma, I did not! This is not my ticket."

"What ticket is it then? for I have all your others." Emily was silent, and her agitation increased to a degree that was very painful to observe; but Julia, who possessed a mind, which, though some noxious weeds had been permitted to spring up in it, was yet adorned with the rich and beauti-

ful flowers of generosity and affection, saw and understood her distress, and determined to relieve her even at the pain of exposing herself; and therefore said, "I will tell you, ma'am, all about it; for, although it was not very good in me, it was so very good in Emily, that I know you will reward her for it." She then related the circumstance of the ticket very simply, without attempting either to excuse or extenuate her own conduct, though she did full justice to the integrity and honourable behaviour of her friend. Whilst Julia was speaking, Emily watched her mother's countenance with an expression of great anxiety, and the moment she had ceased, she turned to her and said, in a timid and supplicating voice, "Mamma, do not be angry with Julia!"

"As Julia is now to be so short a time among us, Emily, I will take no further notice of her conduct, but will leave it to the animadversions of her own breast," replied Mrs. Osman, gravely.

"But you will let Emily go to Mrs. Cassy's," said Julia eagerly. "You will surely, Mrs. Osman, reward her for behaving so well."

"I hope, Julia, that though Emily is so young a child, she yet knows too well that it is her duty to be honest, to expect any other reward for being so, than that which she has already secured to herself."

"But it is so trifling a fault that she lost her ticket for," remonstrated Julia.

"It was indeed a trifle, and her having so very nearly succeeded this time, gives me hopes that she will be wholly successful the next time."

"O! yes, I am sure, ma'am, if you will let her go to-day she will be more careful the next time."

"I am of a different opinion, Julia," replied Mrs. Osman, smiling; "and believe that this lesson, which I now hope will be of service to Emily as long as she lives, would be lost entirely, were she not to suffer the punishment for her fault that she knows it deserves."

"But ought she not to be rewarded for being good too? and if she is not allowed to go she will have no reward at all."

"Oh! yes, I shall," interrupted Emily, who read, in her mother's countenance, the approbation which she felt of her conscientious conduct, "I shall have reward enough."

"Yes, Emily," replied her mother, "you will have the best of all rewards, a self-approving mind; and I should be sorry to weaken its effects by seeming to think that any further reward is necessary for your having done your duty." But Emily showed that she did not consider any thing more necessary to reward her for the part which she had acted, and she saw her friend go to pay her visit to Mrs. Cassy without a sigh; for though exceedingly sorry not to accompany her, she felt an inward consciousness of having acted properly, that made every

thing appear cheerful and pleasant around her. The day passed delightfully, therefore, though no particular pains were taken to amuse her; for her mother was afraid, if she indulged in any extraordinary expressions of approbation, she might lead her little girl to imagine that she had performed some wonderful act of virtue, instead of having merely done her duty. What Emily had done, however, had been done purely because she knew it to be right, and not for the sake of admiration or reward. The approbation of her own conscience was all that she required; and, with such a companion, she felt no difficulty in spending a delightful Christmas day. Her voice, when she sung, had never, to her own ear at least, sounded so well; nor had her feet ever before fallen so lightly on the floor, as they did when she skipped about; and as to her little kitten, though it had brought her into trouble, it was now forgiven, and they ran about the room together, as if trying to show, by their light and sportive movements, how graceful and beautiful a thing is the union of childhood and innocence.

M. H.

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Published by U.T.A.S., Philad.ª

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

Down in the glade, where nibbling sheep
In verdant pasture stray,
A little boy was seen to keep
His weary-footed way.

A faithful dog, his fav'rite guard,
Protects the youth from harm,
A Robin dear his steps retard,
So playful on his arm:

Sweet little boy of rosy smiles,
In health and beauty drest,
A few fond friends their duteous toils
Pursue, to find thy rest:

Thy infant head knows not the care,
That bears them anxious on;
Through meadows wild, and sunny air,
To seek where thou art gone.

The vernal fields are daisied o'er,
With life the hawthorns teem;
The busy bee with flowery store,
Hums in the sultry beam:

But thou—so active in thy play,
From parents absent far;—
Heed'st not the meddling cares of day,
Nor what *their* sorrows are.

'Tis thus, thought I, in childhood's morn
We think creation ours;
From sport to sport, our flight is borne,
Like butterflies on flow'rs:

But when parental cares come round
In manhood's riper years,
The loveliest pleasures most abound
When hope succeeds our fears.

J. W. S.

THE PILOT'S CHILDREN.

"WHITHER shall we bend our steps now, mother?" asked Charles Grant, a youth of about fifteen. "I hope, wherever we go, it will require neither stage nor steamer to take us; for I am heartily tired of the noise of the one, and the monotony of the other."

"Oh! dear, delicate youth! suppose we get a balloon for you, or a palanquin with half a dozen mutes to keep the flies from your pretty face, and a score of improvisatore, to amuse you and to make old time hop past you without your being sensible of his presence," exclaimed his sister, a black-eyed, lively looking girl, perhaps a year older than her brother.

"You make yourself merry, Sophia, at your effeminate brother's expense; but, if it is not too great a heresy to differ from so fair an authority, I will still continue to detest those vile conveyances: and, if I am to be a traveller, I sigh for nothing more ardently than macadamized roads, a good carriage, and a pair of fine horses—then, I should examine the rare beauties of our country, without the fear of being blown into the air by the explosion of a high-

pressure engine, or being thrown over a precipice by some furious, drunken driver. I should detest having in my epitaph, 'Came to an untimely end.'"

"Then let our mountains and streams remain in their primeval solitude, until every road is macadamized, and every school-boy has his carriage and pair," retorted Sophia.

"Excellent satire, sister! I was just thinking of the delights of being penned up in a large barn of a thing, miscalled a coach, beside sleeping old men, and sentimental young ladies, quoting the newest novel; listening to their delectable criticism—'Isn't he a charming author! he places all his characters in so mysterious a light, one becomes quite enchanted with them!—Oh! Julia is the most bewitching creature! so romantic—so full of feeling!' It is detestable," he exclaimed, giving himself a shrug.

"How sociable you are, and what a loss the old men and young ladies will sustain, when you get your carriage and pair. Now, I think I see you looking through the windows of your imaginary carriage, with a fan in your hand, viewing Niagara, or examining the graceful and beautiful falls of Trenton, through a prospect glass. A fine four-wheeled vehicle is a goodly place, truly, for finding sermons in stones and good in every thing."

"True to the life—the very spirit of the genuine heroine—to despise dull comforts; to mortify the

body; to rave about the beauties of nature; and to believe, firmly, that nothing is worth looking at, which can be seen without endangering one's neck."

"There is another kind of danger to which you are exposed—that, of affecting a coldness of manner, which is very much in vogue in certain places; a contempt for all expressions of feeling, however natural; and an extreme sensibility to the slightest inconvenience; there is in this quite as much affectation, and as great a departure from nature, as in the overwrought sentimentality of the heroine. Let me," continued Sophia, "look abroad on the varied scenes of my country, and I am willing to run a little risk, in either stage or steamer, or to be, occasionally, thrown beside dull and disagreeable people, as the price of that pleasure."

Mrs. Grant, during this conversation, was sitting very quietly, running her finger over a map, and occasionally casting a glance at the disputants; and perhaps, listening with more patience than you, gentle reader, have been able to exercise.

"Charles," she said, just as he was about to reply to his sister, "I have been waiting all this time to answer your question, which you seem to have entirely lost sight of. I propose, as we are in this city of New York, to take a sail on its beautiful bay; and, as you dislike that kind of conveyance which a poet likens to 'a dull Dutchman, smoking as he

goes,' I have engaged a good boat with two stout rowers, and have laid in a store of good things, for a long cruise: so, we can float about, just as long as we please."

"How delightful," exclaimed Sophia, "after having heard the thunder of the majestic Niagara, and lingered near the wild and graceful Trenton, and traced the romantic Susquehanna from its source, as a mountain stream, until it becomes a large river, pursuing its way amidst its thousand woody islands, what can be a more appropriate finish to our delightful tour, than to visit this far-famed bay?"

"It is, indeed, very delightful; I shall have such sport. I am glad that I brought my fishing tackle with me. When shall we set out, mother?"

"In an hour, at farthest. I believe the boat now waits for us; so, make haste."

In that hour, Sophia wrote a letter to a friend, in which she described all she had seen, and spoke in glowing phrase of her expectations from that which she had not seen: all illustrated with many a quotation from her great poetic stars, Byron and Moore. And Charles made so good a use of his time, that he had all his hooks, and lines, and rods, and whatever else might have been thought necessary by Isaac Walton himself, for entrapping the finned tribe, ready, within the hour.

The sons of Neptune were lying on their oars,

waiting for our travellers at the battery. Mrs. Grant and Sophia took their station at the stern, Charles toward the bow of the boat. The oars were pushed into the water, and away they glided as smoothly as a swallow through the air.

The day was uncommonly fine and clear. The air was extremely bland and refreshing; a gentle breeze was blowing up the bay, as if wooing them on their way. The whole expanse of water looked like an immense mirror, and the numerous light vessels that were seen gliding on its surface, as well as the trees and various objects on its banks, were reflected with singular distinctness.

The oars soon became unnecessary; a light sail was spread to the wind, and the boat bounded over the slight waves as gracefully as a deer. So gentle was the motion of the vessel, that our voyagers were only sensible of it when they began to direct their attention to stationary objects which surrounded them.

New-York appeared floating behind them, and, in her spires, her elegant edifices, and her forests of masts, seemed to dispute the palm of beauty with the surrounding scenery. She appeared to them to have an imperial air, and, as queen of the ocean, to be proud of her wealth, her commerce, and her elegant arts. To the left of them, lay Long Island, the coast of which, stretching out, seemed to be lost in the ocean; whilst its green and sloping banks,

contrasting finely with the dark blue water, presented the cheerful appearance arising from a diversified and cultivated surface. Nothing harsh or predominant appeared in its features, but all the objects were blended and arranged, so as to produce an effect resembling that of a fine picture. Governor's Island, surmounted with its castle, rose like a bird's nest from the bay, and with some small islands, a little to the right, had an effect similar to clumps of trees scattered over a prairie. Ahead, with an air truly classical, lay Staten Island, stationed like a sentinel on the ocean, with its villas and beautiful white houses glittering in the sun.

The scene completely spell-bound the tongues of our party. It was the first time Charles and Sophia had been on so large a sheet of water, for they had been brought up in the interior of Pennsylvania; and, though Mrs. Grant had travelled in Europe, and was familiar with the most celebrated scenes in that quarter of the world, and had also visited some of the most remarkable on this continent, her mind had only become more alive to the beautiful in nature, and she had never perhaps felt that exquisite pleasure, (so difficult to describe,) which arises from such scenes, more sensibly than on this occasion.

Sophia, as she gazed around her, seemed to doubt the reality of the scene. Large tears rolled down her face, and a pleasing fear came over her. Charles

was affected in a different way; his mind was crowded with all he had read in Drake, Anson, and Cook; and images of "Ind and far Cathay," rose before his imagination; and of lands, where, in the language of the poet—

> ———"The feathery palm-trees rise,
> And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
> Or 'midst the green island of glittering seas,
> Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
> And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings
> Bear the rich hues of all glorious things;"

and, as his fancy hurried him away among strange scenes and people, a spirit of enterprise and adventure seemed to take possession of his soul; and, for the first time, perhaps, in his life, he thought of a profession.

As they approached the Narrows, and beheld the ocean in all its "billowy boundlessness," one could trace, in the living mirror of the countenance, that a new sense of nature had entered their minds.

Silence was broken by one of the boatmen, pointing out to a black cloud, south of them, and near the horizon. "That cloud," said he, "though it appears to be now sleeping there, will give us some trouble before we reach yonder bay, behind that small point of land, even if we had another pair of oars to help us." This speech drew the attention of our voyagers to this cloud, that threatened to

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disturb them; and they found that it had a very fierce and portentous aspect, and was increasing very rapidly. The breeze had freshened into a smart gale, and the motion of the boat, from being as gentle as that of a well-trained animal, had now become as violent and irregular as that of a high-spirited horse, excited and urged on by the lash. They advanced, with frightful rapidity, toward the small bay which the boatman had pointed out, on the south-eastern extremity of Staten Island. The storm had now become quite furious; the waves broke over the boat incessantly; every timber cracked; and the slender mast was bent to the water's edge. One of the boatmen called to his comrade—"It won't do, Jack; we must trust to getting over the breakers; our boat can't stand this sea many minutes." He had scarcely ceased speaking when a sudden gust tore the sail into a thousand shreds, and the boat nearly swamped by rolling over to the other side. They were now within a few hundred yards of the shore, and their only hope lay in being able to keep the boat from filling with water, until they could run it in on the top of a wave. The boatmen, with the greatest exertions, could scarcely keep their frail vessel balanced, amidst the uproar of the winds and waves. At length, a tremendous sea came rushing in, and broke a short distance outside of them. The men now plied their oars with astonishing rapidity, tak-

ing advantage of the inward current created by it; but, before they reached the shore, a still heavier sea struck them, and with such force, as to drive them a long way up on the beach, where the boat stuck among the sand; and, the sudden cessation of motion in the boat, threw the whole party several yards higher up.

It was some minutes before Mrs. Grant and Sophia were sufficiently recovered from the effects of the shock, to think of their narrow escape and of their uncomfortable situation. But, before they could fully realize either the one or the other, their attention was attracted by an exclamation from Jack.

"What can the children of Dick Weatherstorm be doing, standing there in this wild storm?" cried he.

Mrs. Grant looked in the direction that the boatman pointed, and immediately saw a very remarkable group, standing in an attitude of extreme anxiety and distress.

The principal figure in the group, was a girl, of great beauty and delicacy of form, apparently about fifteen or sixteen. She was habited in the costume usual for country girls; her hair, which was very dark, was confined by a band, but a few locks had escaped from under it, and were floating in the wind. Her hands were clasped, as if in despair, and her eyes were fixed upon some object on the

ocean. So utterly devoid of motion was she, that she had more the appearance of a beautiful statue, than of a living being.

Her brother (for there could be no doubt that he was so,) stood close to her. He was a fine looking boy, with an open, pleasing expression, and was, perhaps, a year or two younger than his sister. The anxiety marked on his countenance was even more intense than that on his sister's—perhaps, because he understood, more perfectly, the danger that threatened the object they were gazing upon. He had grasped his sister's arm, as if convulsively, which appeared to communicate a deeper sentiment of fear to her; for her face, which was before flushed, now became of the most death-like paleness, as if her heart had suddenly ceased to beat. A little girl stood before them, so close to the water, that occasionally a wave would reach her feet. Her chubby, pretty face, showed more of awe and wonder, than painful emotion; for, she was too young to understand, even if she had noticed, the painfully fixed expression of her brother and sister. Indeed, her attention seemed only to be attracted by the unusually troubled appearance of the ocean, and the wild cries of the sea fowl, which were gamboling in the air, as if enjoying the storm.

"What can be the matter with the children?" exclaimed Mrs. Grant. "It is no ordinary cause that can excite such emotions as evidently agitate them."

"Oh! mother, they are alarmed for the safety of that large vessel that we see riding yonder; perhaps they have a brother on board of her," said Sophia.

Mrs. Grant looked to the boatmen, to see if she could trace in their countenances, any explanation of what appeared to her to be so remarkable, and observed that they were looking with almost equal anxiety, to a part of the ocean considerably to the left of the children.

"I see it, mother—I see it! Now it is gone! I see it again!" exclaimed Charles, in a tone of voice that made them all start.

They all, now, plainly saw a very small boat, endeavouring to gain the same bay that they had themselves in vain attempted to reach. But the attempt appeared desperate, for the storm had now become perfectly furious, and large waves broke over it every instant. "It is impossible. they can live," muttered Jack; "that sea is enough to swallow a seventy-four."

"Now they are gone down," exclaimed the other boatman.

"No, they are not," shouted Charles, in a fierce tone, (as if he felt some relief to his over-wrought feelings, in contradicting the boatman.) "She is not gone—She shall not go down."

That instant she again appeared on the top of a large sea. A joyous exclamation burst involuntarily from the party, only to be succeeded by a deeper

gloom than before. She had now entirely disappeared from their view, and a huge wave broke over the spot where the boat was last seen; and it rolled on to the shore, leaving a long white track of foam behind it, as if spreading the pall of those it had devoured.

Various pieces of the boat now appeared floating about. "It was a hard struggle, but it is now over," muttered Jack, hiding his face with his hands. The other boatman appeared to be even more affected than Jack, for he staggered with emotion. Mrs. Grant and Sophia had sunk down on the sand, speechless. Charles seemed riveted to the spot; he never moved his eyes from the place where he had had the last glimpse of the boat, and soon a loud and sudden shout from him roused the whole party; and, as they looked in the direction to which he pointed, they beheld four men grasping a fragment of the boat, and with great exertions, rising upon the waves before they broke, to catch the upper current. At length, it was evident that they felt the ground, and that they were now in danger of being injured by the force of the surge against the shore.

"They are safe!" exclaimed Charles. The boatmen shook their heads. A tremendous sea soon came to close the struggle; a sickening feeling was experienced by them all, as it retired, and nothing could be seen of the men. After a breathless suspense of some minutes, Sophia exclaimed—"There!

—there!"—and they beheld a man rising from among a mass of sea-weed, in which he was entangled, and wave his hand to the children, who had remained motionless since the moment that they were first observed.

"It is Dick Weatherstorm, himself," shouted Jack, "the father of these children, and the best and bravest pilot from Cape Cod to Savannah."

On turning round to look for the children, Mrs. Grant found that they had already reached their father, who had taken his little girl in one arm, and thrown the other round the neck of his elder daughter. The boy was assisting his father's companions to extricate themselves from the sea-weed, in which they were entangled; and, as she viewed the interesting scene, she was struck with the display of natural affection which it exhibited.

While the feelings of our travellers had been kept in an extraordinary degree of excitement, by the events we have described, they never once had felt that they were wet, tired, and hungry, and exposed to the furious blasts of the storm; but no sooner were they satisfied that Weatherstorm and his companions were all safe, than they became once more sensible of their own uncomfortable situation, which was aggravated by their seeing no immediate prospect of relief.

But whilst they were talking over the plans that seemed most likely to bring them the speediest suc-

cour, our friend Jack and his messmate had proceeded to congratulate Weatherstorm on his wonderful escape, as well as to tell of their own adventure. Jack, in the course of his narrative, mentioned Mrs. Grant and her family as their fellow sufferers, but had not time to proceed in his detail; for, on hearing of the strangers, Weatherstorm looked round, and, seeing that they were standing in the most forlorn situation imaginable, he immediately called to his daughter to run to their assistance.

"Lucy," he said, "we shall lose our characters, if we allow shipwrecked people to remain a moment without all the assistance that we can give —run, girl, and show them the nearest way to our home;" and, turning to the boy, he said, "Go, Nelson, to your aunt, and tell her that I have company for her; and be sure that there is a fire to dry the ladies' clothes."

Lucy soon delivered her father's message; and added her own assurance of the welcome which they would meet.

"But why do we stand here talking," she said, "while I should have been showing you the way? Our house lies just behind that hill; there is a path leading to it through the ravine you see there, near that large weeping willow. You will assist your mother," added she, speaking to Charles, "and I will conduct your sister."

Lucy said this in so winning a way, that our

travellers were completely charmed; and, the interest excited by her appearance, was confirmed and increased by the artlessness of her manner.

Weatherstorm, who had been detained on the beach to give some necessary orders, now joined them. He bowed to Mrs. Grant and Sophia, and said, "You have had considerable of an escape, but, as you have come safe off after such a blow, you can't complain; you might have fared worse, that's certain, and we will try to make you forget it by the heartiness of our welcome."

Mrs. Grant thanked him, and assured him, she would be very glad to forget all but his kindness, and his beautiful children.

As Weatherstorm marched by Mrs. Grant's side, with the little child on his shoulder, she thought that she had never seen a more perfect form in her life. He was considerably above the common height, and every line of his muscular frame was finely proportioned. His features were very good; his nose, in particular, was fine, and firmly planted, and had that peculiar turn which indicates strength of character. His eyes were black, and his large, shaggy eyebrows hung like batteries over them. His mouth was well-formed, and when opened showed a set of teeth as white as ivory. His head and neck were bare; and his countenance, flushed by the great exertions he had made, gave him an appearance of more animation than perhaps was natural to him.

They had now reached the house, and received a cordial welcome from Lucy's aunt; who was, like the house, a picture of neatness, and who had made arrangements for the ladies, which they found exceedingly comfortable.

The supper came on apace, and was a very good one; the honest pilot was in high good humour, perhaps a little heightened by a sense of his recent escape. Indeed, there was nothing of that feeling, which is so often seen where the great and little vulgar meet—when all is condescension on one side, and fawning obsequiousness on the other—but the natural sentiments and unaffected manners of Mrs. Grant and her children, were met by the good sense and good humour of the pilot, and the delicacy and graceful simplicity of Lucy.

As for Nelson, he was a perfect sailor in miniature; he could box the compass, and knew every point of a ship as well as his father, and promised to be a worthy successor to that distinguished pilot. To Charles, he gave a fund of information which he never could have acquired at college, though it must be confessed that he felt a good deal piqued, when, in the middle of some description of sea-craft, he found Charles's attention altogether directed to Lucy. Indeed, Charles appeared to be in quite as much danger from Lucy's eyes as he had been from the storm.

The evening went off delightfully, without the slightest effort. The morning came, and they part-

ed—but not before the pilot h d given his consent, that Lucy should visit her new friends among the pleasant hills of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Grant pressed the pilot and Nelson to accompany them, but Weatherstorm refused—saying with a laugh, that he had been brought up to believe that there was nothing out of sight of sea worth looking at, and he was now too old to alter his opinion.

"But you have never," said Mrs. Grant, "seen our beautiful hills, nor our picturesque rivers; and you ought to come, that you may see that we have fine rocks as well as you."

"I never saw much beauty in rocks, all my days," returned Weatherstorm. "I have seen them shatter many a fine vessel, but I never saw any good that they did."

"But they are beautiful," remonstrated Mrs. Grant.

"Oh! as to beauty, I have enough at home. There's no call that I should run all the hazards of a long land journey, to seek for beauty."

"None at all," added Charles, looking at Lucy as he spoke. "You have, indeed, beauty enough at home, without travelling abroad for it; and no one, I believe, who witnessed the sight that we did yesterday, would think it necessary to travel in search of a greater variety of beauty, than was exhibited by the Pilot's Children."

THE PERCEVALS.

SORROW and joy were both in the house of Mr. Perceval; for one lovely baby was laid out in its white shroud, and, in the same hour, another's eyes first opened on the light. There were two persons watching in the chamber of death—the father, who gazed on the smiling lips and smooth fair brow of his first-born son, till with tears he blessed the pitying hand which had stilled the little voice of agony, and obliterated for ever the traces of pain; and the nurse, a young and tender-hearted Irish woman, who had borne the infant sufferer through his brief life of torment, and now with Christian love hung over the placid features, that the sinless spirit beautified in death; till the coffin closed over the transient light, which the departing soul had left, and the empty cradle received a new birth. It was long before Eva could observe, in this unconscious subject of her daily comparison, any charms to equal those that were buried with the earlier object of her care; and she never could avoid contrasting "the tender blue of those loving eyes," shaded by their silken lashes, which seemed opening upon her

from the tomb, every time she looked at the full large orbs, that stared out of the meagre long face of his unadmired successor; and she never tired talking of the glossy ringlets, that she used to twist round the comb, with such elaborate care, when she was adorning her little Henry for company; as soon as she saw Alfred's "ugly bare head," without a lace cap. This young gentleman, however, paid no attention to such discourse, so unfavourable to himself; but continued to live on, very well satisfied with his own share of beauty; and it was not before two or three years had passed over his head, and made him vain, that he discovered any pride in his appearance. But then, when his figure rounded into perfect shape, when the lace cap was exchanged for golden ringlets, and the rose and the lily were blended in his lovely face, he would exhibit, with great delight, his red shoes, and worked slip, and coral clasps; which his mother had bought in the pride of her maternal fondness, to correspond with the beauty of her son. Mr. Perceval had a country seat, a short walk from Baltimore, where he resided with his family during the summer months. The guns from Fort M'Henry announced our annual festival—the soldiers were assembling in the city—Alfred heard the drums and the trumpets,—and the little hero must go to town, to see the parade. With many charges to Eva (who was now in the habit of bringing forward the beauties

of her two nurslings, not "in opposition but in compare") the reluctant mother consented to expose her son for a short time, in the close air of the city, from a natural wish to gratify his infant taste for "all the pomp and circumstance of war." I would not like to say, how many poor children are dragged over the scorching pavements and burning roads of our town, during this great national feast, without any refreshment themselves, except perhaps a glass of heated beer, or a dusted cake. Alfred Perceval was more fortunate—supported in the arms of his careful, tender nurse, from a window on the shady side of Market street, he saw the long military line extend from the western extremity to the bridge. His head moves to the sound of the music, he springs in Mary's arms, as the horsemen gallop past; his eyes sparkle at the flashing swords; and his brave little heart recoils not at the sound of the guns. When the show was over, Eva brought him home, and made him a cap of blue paper, and put a red feather in it. With this on his head, he strutted about the house, to the music of a cocoa-nut shell he had for a kettledrum, which his mother preferred to that of a tin canister, which the young musician would have preferred himself. Nothing could exceed the glow of delight which made Alfred so beautiful that day, and the parents exulted in the health of their son. Oh! what a sad reverse, to sink at once the current of this joy,—before mid-

night their little soldier was raging with fever, and when the restlessness of the disease was over, it settled with a fatal stillness on the brain; and during six weeks he lay insensible to all that was done to save him.

I will not attempt to describe the misery of the parents, for my story is to be a brief one; but it pleased the Power of Mercy to abate their hopeless grief, through the instrumentality of medical skill; and Alfred once more opened his eyes to a new existence, and stared around him as he did before. A cap supplied the place of the beautiful fair curls, that were all cut away, and the child was placed in Eva's arms, as helpless and nearly as unconscious then, as when he first received the precarious gift of life. But Eva carried him to the garden, and the woods, where the leaves, now dyed with all the rich tints of our splendid autumn, presented so many colours to his sight; and while she called his attention to the various objects around him, his slow remembrance returned, and he would smile at all the creatures that he used to love—"the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air." And then she would make him smell the flowers she culled for him, and listen to the music of the birds; till at last every sense was restored to its natural power, and his mind awoke from its long deep sleep, but the weakness of his frame continued, and many months passed away, before he

was able to put his feet to the ground; and by that time, a little brother overtook his steps, and they both began to walk together; while each had his nurse, and his eulogist, who praised her own charge,—and no wonder, for Alfred's mind (strengthened, it would seem, after so long a rest) exhibited, from day to day, powers of observation and reflection, much beyond his age. And his happy parents would often call him their "baby philosopher," while they smiled with delight at his sage remarks. And Charles was the prettiest little puppet ever seen; his dancing steps, always keeping time to the music of his own thoughts, which were scarcely ever out of tune; and so fond was he of the exercise of life, that they never laid him down in his bed, for necessary rest, without his having a playful struggle against the advances of sleep; but after kicking his feet against the posts of his crib, as long as he was able, and singing "by, by baby"—after slapping his pillow till he was tired, he was usually found by his mother asleep, when she went to bed, with his pocket handkerchief rolled into a rag baby, and his head lying where his feet ought to be. But before any one else was stirring in the morning, he was awake again, when he would stoop over his low crib, and take his boots in, and while he was trying to put them on, but succeeded neither by the heels nor the toes, he would talk to them about

their conduct, or tell himself stories of cats and dogs, with shawls and bonnets; and pigeons, with yellow shoes, walking down Market street. Yet with all this imagination himself, he had so little inclination to profit by the thoughts of others, that his mother could with difficulty teach him the alphabet, before he was sent to his first school; though his brother (who never told a story that I remember, except one that had "seventeen foxes" in it) could read perfectly. With a foreign teacher, however, Charles seemed very suddenly to make great advances; and, at four years of age, he was always head or next to head in his lessons; to the surprise of his attentive parents, who could not themselves perceive so great a progress in learning as this seemed to indicate; but upon investigating the matter thoroughly, they found out, that there was only Charles and another little urchin in the class; which little urchin was to occasion them more distress, than they ever could have anticipated. One Sunday, dressed in his finest clothes, he found Charles at the door of his father's town-house (for it was early in the spring,) and persuaded him to take a walk. Accordingly, the two young travellers set off together, but no sooner had they reached the confines of the town and point, than they quarrelled about their future destination; when Master Jacky left Charles to steer his own course, and ran home as fast as he could. The

poor little fellow scorned to cry, but wandered about, more and more bewildered, till he reached one of the wharves, where a Spanish vessel was about to spread its sails to a fair wind, and put to sea. Such a strange prospect, opening at once upon the frightened child, when he thought he was so many steps nearer home, occasioned an instant defeat of all his self-confidence; and he burst out into a loud and continued cry, which arrested the attention of a gentleman, who was just at that moment hurrying to reach the vessel.

The little boy was in distress, and he was compassionate; but what was to be done? The wharf contained no individual, but themselves and the sailors; the wind was fair, and the captain would not delay. The stranger could not speak the language of the child, but he smiled while he took his hand, and smoothed his little brow, and Charles understood him as well as if he had spoken to him in English; for he was accustomed to the sight of foreigners in his father's house, and in a similar manner he always held discourse with them. So he stopped crying, and smiled in return; and the gentleman, delighted with his pleasant looks, gave the child his watch to carry, while he carried him; for the captain, in a passion, had ordered the vessel from the shore, and the stranger was obliged to take Charles on board, or leave him on the wharf to cry, and perhaps be drowned. While the novelty of his

situation amused his mind, Charles continued quiet; but after that, when he thought of his nurse, his tender parents, and his kind brother, at home, his little heart seemed ready to break; and, only for the constant tenderness of his unknown friend, I believe he would have died. But by degrees his grief became subdued, and before the vessel reached Cuba, he was the pet of all the sailors, and the delight of his kind protector; who, after this, could not bear to part with him, but having no children of his own, he adopted him, and had him educated as his son: and upon his approaching death, which happened about six years after, he left Charles his little property, under the guardianship of a Boston merchant, with whom he had been transacting business many years: and upon whom he now relied, for the discovery of the parents of the child; which he had been only anxious to avoid before.

This gentleman went to receive his charge very willingly; and, on his return to Boston, he placed Charles in a celebrated school, to which Alfred Perceval had been sent by his considerate parents when they found that grief for the loss of his little brother, had settled too much in studious habits, and aversion to companionship. Charles's guardian then went to Baltimore. He was introduced to Mr. Perceval, and invited to dine at his house. There he told the story of his little ward; when he was shocked to observe, what an effect it produced on

Mrs. Perceval; for years had scarcely mitigated the agony she first felt, at the strange loss of her infant; to which the death of her eldest son, and the long torpor of his brother, were supportable distresses; since they were not aggravated by the power of imagination. But Mr. Perceval (more collected than she was) could not avoid seeing, in a similar circumstance, something to awaken his own hopes; he therefore acquainted the gentleman with their loss; and asked him if the child he spoke of, had ever told his name. "If he did, sir, my friend, not understanding the rest of his language, must have forgotten it; but he kept a little handkerchief, that had been pinned to his robe, and which I have now in my pocket-book." He drew it out, and gave it to Mrs. Perceval, who had been relieved by tears from her first emotion; but when she saw the initials, C. P., marked by her own hands, she screamed out—"Oh! my dear husband, it is our own son" —and instantly fainted away. Eva, who was still in the house, and now attending two fine little girls, was loudly called by the alarmed Mr. Perceval. She came directly, and his lady soon recovered by their united assistance.

The parents then proposed to write instantly for their sons; but before the letter was sent, they received one from Alfred, requesting permission to bring a little Spanish boy home with him, for whom he had become greatly interested, owing to a cir-

cumstance which happened in school, soon after Charles was placed there. A large boy, of greater bulk than manners, took a fancy one day to insult the feelings of the little foreigner, in a manner he could not bear; and he flew at his tormentor, who would instantly have struck him down, had not Alfred Perceval that moment appeared; who, stepping between them, pushed the elder boy aside, and then detaining the other, he said—"For shame! Roscoe, how can you, such a big boy, try the temper of a little stranger like this, who cannot answer us in our own language? I thought you had more feeling." "Now, for one cent I could knock you down, Perceval; but I don't know how it is, you get the better of us all—masters and scholars. However, you'll be going to college soon," continued the rough boy, dashing away a tear—"and, that you may go off with flying colours, as a peace-maker and a peace-keeper, here's my hand, little tawny coat, and thank him that you did not get a good drubbing." But Charles, perhaps misconceiving the intention of this action, or thinking that he ought to have the pride of a Spaniard, turned from Roscoe with disdain, and throwing himself into the arms of Alfred, he wept with such a gush of feeling, that it completely overcame the nerves of that sensitive boy, who struggled in vain against his own tears, which then flowed at one thought, and that was of his

little brother. But what was his joy afterward, when his father's letter arrived, and told him that "the lost was found?" I will pass over the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Perceval, upon the first arrival of their sons, for every one can imagine it; but I must say, that their happiness increased every day; as they observed, that Charles's Spanish education had taught him to pursue every thing that was honourable in principle and practice. He soon adopted his newly discovered kindred with a strength of attachment which seemed almost to have some early recollection for its foundation. And when Eva brought his nurse, Sarah, to see him, (who was now living with her husband in comfortable circumstances,) he smiled as if he really remembered her, and Sarah was sure that he did. Mr. and Mrs. Perceval, considering maturely on the subject, at length agreed, that it would be better to keep their sons at home, with proper instructors, until Charles understood English sufficiently to understand them; when he could return to school with greater advantage; and his guardian willingly gave up the future direction of the person and fortune of his ward to his most natural directors. Before the vacation ended then, all Alfred's school companions were invited to a farewell party, which was prepared with great taste by his mother. The company assembled—all the most distinguished little people of the city; and when the carpets

were thrown aside, and the lamps blazed, their light young feet gave little rest to the music. But, though the refreshments were numerous, and handed round constantly, I believe no young person was disgraced by an immoderate use of them. Indeed, I understand that a resolution has been formed by the most promising youth of our city, to "be temperate in all things," as republicans ought to be; and especially to stand always armed against every device of that treacherous spirit, which entering alone into the secret folds of inward depravity, or assailing, with the combined powers of evil example, the outward avenues to sin, saps the foundation of the soul, till man becomes a tottering ruin, and a blighting shade, over his own household; and a nation is darkened with the wreck of her sons.

C. M. B.

THE PET LAMB.

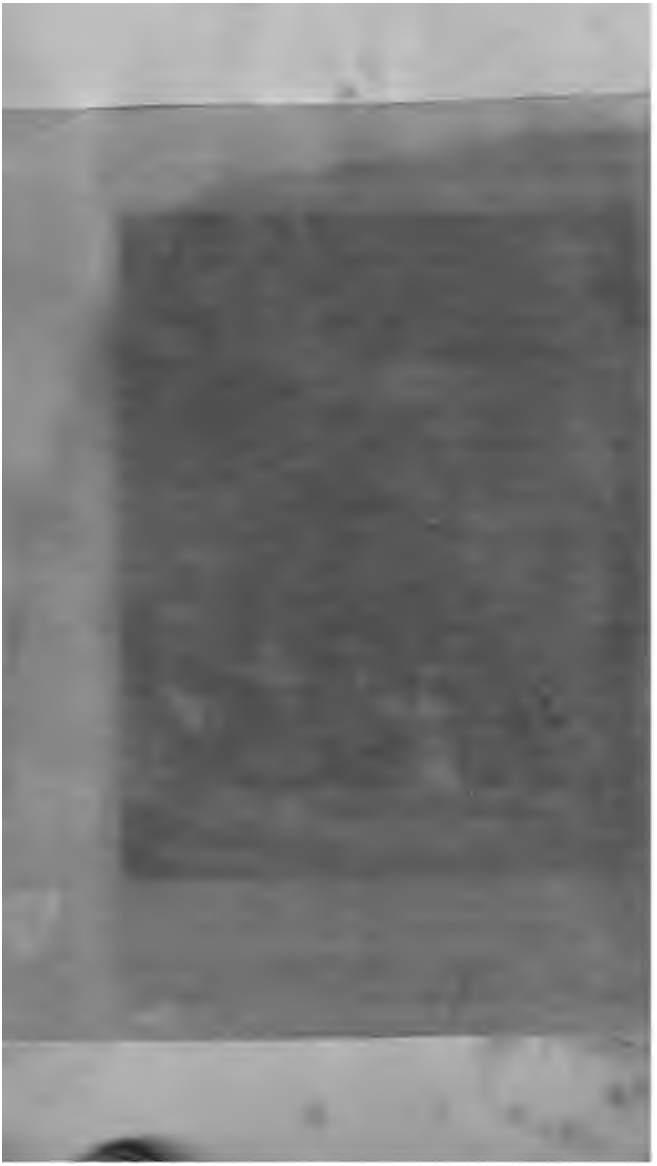
A TALE.

BY MRS. HUGHS.

ONE cold bleak morning, in the latter end of March, before winter had quite determined to resign his tyrannical sway, though he had occasionally permitted a few soft breezes to woo the opening buds of the willow and the horse-chesnut, and scatter a few of the earliest spring flowers over the fields, Farmer Early happened, on his way to the place where his labourers were at work, to pass a field in which he had a number of sheep. Two or three times, as he proceeded along, by the side of the fence, he thought he heard a very feeble bleat, and stopped to see if there was any youngling in need of more aid than was in its mother's power to render. For some time, however, he looked in vain, but at length the sound became more distinct, and soon guided him to a corner of the field, where he discovered a sheep lying stretched out on its side, and a lamb, evidently just born, lying near it. He hastened immediately to the aid of the little complainer, and found that the mother was stiff and

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cold, and that it was itself nearly dead, for its feeble frame had been exposed to the cold bleak wind and occasional falls of snow, without having any tender mother to protect it from the withering blast. He immediately took it in his arms and returned home, though with but little hope that any thing that could now be done for it would be of any avail.

"Here, Sally! Sally!" cried he, as he entered the door of his own house, and immediately his eldest daughter came forward, on hearing the summons, "I have brought you something to be kind to. Here is a poor little lamb that has lost its mother, and you must try to supply the place of one to it: I am afraid it will be impossible to save it, but you must see what you can do." Sally, whose heart overflowed with tenderness toward every living thing, took the little trembling creature in her arms, and summoning her little sisters to partake of the pleasing task, and indeed to share the fatigue which she was herself but ill able to bear, she immediately began to prepare a bed for it by the fire, and to warm some milk for it.

"Do you think it will live, Sally?" said Peggy, as she stood by her elder sister's side, "do you think you can keep it from dying?"

"I hope so," answered Sally, holding the warm milk to its mouth as she spoke.

"I won't let it die," said Kitty, with great earnestness. "Will you, Sally?"

ed, it had been his fate to get hold of. He had read "The Whole Duty of Man;" "Gulliver's Travels;" "Cook's Voyages;" "Pilgrim's Progress;" two or three odd volumes of some of the Waverley novels, which he had bought for a few cents a piece at an auction in the neighbouring town, when sent there on an errand; but of all the treasures of which he had ever become possessed, and which seemed likely to have the most powerful influence over his future character, was the Life of Franklin, which he likewise purchased for a few cents at an auction. Eagerly, nay, greedily, did he read this interesting little volume. And when he rose from the fascinating task, and recollected that he, who had become one of the most distinguished philosophers either of his own, or any other country, who had been a negotiator with kings, and had done more, perhaps, for his country than any other man, with the exception of Washington alone, had once been a poor, portionless, uneducated boy; and that all the attainments, all the honours of which he afterwards became possessed, were entirely the fruits of his industry and economy, he drew himself up with a noble feeling of pride and emulation, and said, "I too, perhaps, may some time or other be a great man; for every body has the power of being industrious, economical, and good; and I never can be much poorer than Franklin was when he first entered Philadelphia

with only a dollar in his pocket, and when he went and bought a two-penny loaf and made his dinner off it."

George had not derived his love of reading from either his father or mother; for though respectable, they were very ignorant people, and were much more disposed to regret the disposition of their son to spend his time, as they conceived, so unprofitably, than to attempt to supply him with the means of indulging his prevailing propensity. He was not, however, without one affectionate and sympathising friend, who delighted in aiding him in every laudable undertaking, and joined with interest in all his praiseworthy pursuits. His sister Sally was, like himself, gentle, affectionate, and thoughtful. She was not so great a reader as George, for, indeed, the instruction that she had received had been so very limited, and she had always been kept so constantly employed in assisting her mother in the household work, and in taking care of the younger children, that she had never learned to read with sufficient facility to make the employment agreeable; but she delighted to listen to George's accounts of the books he had read, and was always ready to add her mite to the small stock of money which he was able to save for the purchase of more. Fondly, too, would she encourage all his ardent aspirings after knowledge and virtue, and all his sanguine anticipations of future

eminence; for to her he could breathe out his thoughts almost before they were formed in his mind, conscious as he did so, that they would meet no repulsive check, no chilling reception, to nip the embryo blossom, and prevent its ripening into fruit. There was yet another circumstance which served to unite this affectionate brother and sister in still closer bonds. Sally had all her life been exceedingly delicate, and as she advanced in age, that delicacy evidently rather increased than diminished; and there was no one of the whole family that showed so much consideration, and so tender a sympathy for her weakness, as her brother George; and the grateful girl never seemed to think she could make a sufficient return for such kindness.

We have spent so much time in dwelling on the characters of the two elder branches of farmer Early's family, that we can spare but little more for the others; nor, indeed, is there much required; for Tom was, like other boys, active, playful, and careless; fond of guns, and dogs, and horses; priding himself upon managing a horse better, and shooting a partridge with truer aim than any boy in the neighbourhood; and as to the little girls, they were like most children of their age, sometimes troublesome, but more generally good and engaging, and always interesting to their parents and sister, who repeated their sayings, and watched their sports with pride and pleasure, and per-

suaded themselves that they were the smartest and prettiest children that were ever seen. Had the little Kitty, however, been at all less delighted with their new inmate, Croppy, than she really was, she might, perhaps, have been a little jealous of the attention which he gained from the whole family, but more especially from Sally, who, as she said, had never before had any living thing that she could call her own; and as it soon learned to know her voice, and would come bounding at her call from the furthest point of the common before the door, or would trot by her side to the dairy, anxiously looking for his usual allowance, she almost wondered at herself for the fondness which she felt for it. "It is very silly of me, I know, to be so fond of this little creature," she would sometimes say, as she mused over her little pet; "for though he likes me better than any body else at present, I know very well that any other person who took the same care of him would just do as well for him, and I should be forgotten directly; but yet he seems as if he loved me, and it is so delightful to be loved, that the attachment of a little dumb animal makes me feel happy." As Sally was thus musing, her hands were occupied with tying together a number of wild flowers which the children had just brought from the woods, and forming them into a wreath.

"What is that for?" asked Kitty, who had sat

looking on so earnestly, that she had been insensible to the many challenges which Croppy had given her to a race over the common. "Who are you making that for, Sally?"

"You shall see," answered her sister, and immediately she called "Croppy! Croppy!" and in an instant, Croppy, though he had been almost out of sight at the moment of her calling, was again at her side. Sally hung the wreath round his neck, but was obliged to tie it so tight that he could not reach it with his mouth, or the display of Sally's taste would soon have been in vain. "Now keep quiet, Croppy, and do not spoil your garland before George comes home from the field, because I have dressed you up in honour of his birth-day. Now be quiet, good Croppy," continued she, as the little creature, less gratified by being so ornamented, than worried by the unusual incumbrance, tried, by rolling himself on the grass, to disengage himself from it.

"Oh! here comes George," cried Peggy. "I'll run and meet him, and bring him to see Croppy before his birth-day dress is spoiled." But at the same moment a voice was heard, calling in an angry tone, "Sally! Sally! how can you think of sitting there on the damp grass, when you have been so sick all day! I know well enough how it will be—you will get cold, and will be laid up instead of helping me to-morrow with the washing."

Poor Sally rose in an instant with a feeling of self-condemnation at her own carelessness, but her heart and eyes, at the same time, filling at the manner in which her mother had upbraided her. As she returned to the house, she met George hastening to admire Croppy's finery; but he had heard his mother's rebuke, and seeing the large tears standing in his sister's eyes, Croppy was immediately forgotten, and turning round with Sally, he devoted himself the rest of the evening to cheering and amusing her. "It only wants a few days now, Sally," said he, seeking, in the subject the most interesting to himself, the most probable means of amusing his sister, "it only wants a few days now to the time of my going to school. Father has promised me a month's schooling before the harvest begins, and another when it is over; and if I am diligent, I can learn a great deal in that time. Oh, how I long to begin! I dream about being at school every night; and I always think that I am learning something that compels me to study very hard, and I am always so glad, because I think then I am learning the way to be a wise and good man. Franklin had very little more schooling than I shall have had by that time, and as to money, he was as poor as I am, every bit; for when he first came to Philadelphia, he had only a single dollar in his pocket, and yet you see he got to be a very great man."

"Yes," said Sally, "but he had to study and work very hard for a great many years first."

"To be sure he had," returned the brother with animation; "but then so can I work, and so can I study; I am not afraid of either. Did not I walk ten miles yesterday, when I went that errand for the squire, because he said he would give me a quarter of a dollar? and here it is," he added, taking the money out of his pocket, and looking at it with great complacency, "and I mean to get up by day break in the morning, and go to buy a book with it that I saw the other day, and that I want to read; I can get it, I think for a quarter of a dollar. And I'll tell you another thing, Sally; I expect by the time I have finished my month of schooling, you will be a great deal stronger than you are now, and then I can teach you every thing that I have learnt, and we shall be so happy—shan't we, Sally?" Sally smiled assent, but it was a languid smile, for the ardour of her youthful mind was checked by the enfeebling influence of disease.

The next morning Sally felt very forcibly the i effects of her imprudence in sitting on the dan grass the night before; and though she still rec lected the severe manner in which her mother h reproved her, she could not but be conscious that reproof was deserved. This made her very un· ling to complain, though she rose with a se pain in her side, a burning fever in her veins,

a cough which was always troublesome, but was now more than usually distressing. Determined, however, not to complain, and anxious, if possible, to conceal her indisposition, she prepared to assist her mother in every way in her power; and though she felt it would be impossible for her to stand at the wasing tub, she washed and dressed her little sisters, prepared the breakfast, and did a variety of offices equally useful, and was in hopes it would escape the observation of every one, that what she did was performed under the pressure of more pain and debility than usual. She was assisted in this concealment by the absence of George, who had not, at breakfast time, returned from the town to which he had gone for the purchase of the book of which he had spoken the evening before; for had he been present, his watchful eye, she well knew, would soon have discovered the oppression under which she laboured. Breakfast, however, was entirely over before he returned, and when he did come, he only stayed to eat a piece of dry bread and take a drink of water, a kind of fare which would at any time have been sufficient to satisfy him, but which he had now become extremely fond of, since he found that Franklin ascribed so much of his alacrity in business, and his facility in study, to his adherence to that simple diet; and then hastened to assist his father in the field. Sally sometimes almost persuaded herself that her little pet

Croppy saw and understood that all was not right with his young mistress; for instead of frisking about the common as usual with the little girls, he kept almost constantly trotting by her side, every now and then rubbing his little head tenderly against her, and appearing quite happy when she stooped down to pat his head and speak to him in a tone of kindness. Yet even this slight indulgence seemed almost more than she had either time or spirits to bestow, and the continual repetition of Sally do this, and Sally do that, kept her incessantly occupied till late in the afternoon, when the chief of the business being over, and she too much exhausted to support herself any longer on her feet, had just sunk upon a seat, and was patting the head which Croppy had come and laid on her lap, when her father and brothers returned from the field. "Sally," said the farmer, in a tone of reproach, "you sit patting that lamb as if there was nothing else to be done. Come, girl," he continued, taking up a milking bucket as he spoke, "get your bucket, and let us go and milk the cows." George, who, at the moment his father spoke, had taken up his newly purchased treasure, and had got half across the room on the way to his private retreat, cast a glance at his sister, and perceiving in an instant that she was ill, he threw down his book, and saying, "Sit still, Sally, for I am going to milk this evening," he took the bucket

and hastened after his father. Sally's heart glowed with affection and gratitude. She had always loved her brother, but never had he been half so dear to her as at this moment. "Croppy, you must love George for being so kind to your mistress," said she, addressing herself to the lamb for want of a more sympathizing auditor, "you must love George for my sake;" and she watched for his return, impatient to let him know that she understood and felt his kindness.

At length, the business of milking over, George again appeared, but no longer with the glow of animation on his countenance with which he had returned from his day's labour, nor yet with the spirit and alacrity with which he had left the house on his office of kindness. "Is he sorry now, that he went?" thought Sally, as she examined his countenance. "Has he begun to think what a great deal he might have read in the time that he has been milking?" "Why don't you go to your book now, George?" asked she, as she saw that, after disposing of the milk bucket, her brother placed himself at the end of the large table, on which he put up his arm, and rested his head upon it with a look of great distress. "Why don't you go and read now?" again she inquired; "there is nothing to hinder you now."

"Because I don't want to," answered George,

in a tone very different from his usual cheerful, good tempered voice.

"George, come here beside me," said Sally, tenderly, for she began to feel alarmed at the expression of her brother's countenance.

"Oh! I cannot," returned the boy; "do let me alone, I don't want to speak."

Sally's eyes filled with tears. "He is vexed at me," thought she, "for he thinks I am always in the way of his improving himself." George got up and moved towards the stairs. "You are leaving your book behind you, George," said Sally, glad to think that he was going at last to his favourite employment. "I don't want it," he replied; "I am going to bed."

"George, do tell me what is the matter before you go; are you sick?"

"No, I am not sick, but I don't want to talk; so do let me alone." So saying, he went to bed, and Sally soon after retired also, but not to sleep. Uneasiness at the sudden and unaccountable change in her brother's manner, added double violence to the disease which was throbbing in her veins; and after a restless and sleepless night, she attempted to rise in the morning, but finding herself entirely unable to do so, she was obliged to lay her head again upon her pillow. "Aye, this is just what I thought would be the case," said her mother, who coming up to see why Sally had not made her

appearance, found her too ill to sit up; "I told you what you would bring upon yourself by playing and idling your time away with that little useless pet lamb of yours." Mrs. Early did not mean to be an unkind mother, but she, like many other people, had an unfortunate manner of showing her affection, and generally vented the uneasiness which the sight of her daughter's indisposition occasioned, in a tone of reproach, for which she had not always so much cause as on the present occasion.

"I know I was wrong, mother, for sitting upon the grass," said Sally, mildly, "but say no more about it, for it cannot be helped; and ask George to come up and see me."

"George has been out at his work these two hours," replied her mother, "and here am I with all the ironing to do, and every thing else to attend to, and to nurse you into the bargain."

"No, indeed, mother, I don't need any nursing," returned the poor girl, who, though convinced her mother did not mean any unkindness by this manner of speaking, was yet unable to repress the tears which filled her eyes and forced themselves down her cheek as she spoke. "Only tell Peggy to bring me up some water to drink, and I want nothing else."

"Aye, it's fine talking. But do you think I can have you lying sick in bed without coming to look

after you? And I'm sure I don't know how I'm to find time to do it, and to do all the work besides. But I will send Peggy up with a drink for you, and will come up myself as often as I can," added the mother, as she closed the door after her.

When left to herself, Sally's mind dwelt continually on the thought of George's melancholy the night before, which she was sure was still unremoved, or he would never have thought of going to work without first coming to inquire after her. Anxiety to know the cause only increased the longer she dwelt upon the subject. In vain did her little sisters try their utmost efforts to amuse her, for which purpose, even little Croppy was brought up stairs, and introduced into the [illegible] room; she looked at it with pleasure, and gave the little girls strict injunctions to be kind and attentive to it whilst she was unable to be so herself; but again her mind recurred to the recollection that something was amiss with her favourite brother; and this idea, more than the bodily pain that she suffered, made every hour appear like two, till he came home to his dinner. At length she heard her father's voice below, and knowing that George was in all probability there also, she knocked down for her little attendant Peggy, and desired her to ask George to come up and see her. He came immediately, and the moment Sally saw him, she

perceived that the same expression of melancholy remained on his countenance.

"George," said she, in a gentle, affectionate voice, as he came toward her bedside, "I wanted to see you, to know if you have forgiven me."

"Forgiven you, Sally! what had I to forgive?" asked he, in a tone of surprise.

"For being the means of keeping you from going up stairs to read last night."

"Oh! Sally, you surely do not think that I was angry at you for being sick?"

"No, not angry at me for being sick, but angry at me for having made myself sick by my own imprudence, and so keeping you from the only enjoyment you have."

"And don't you think, Sally, that I would rather help you than read any book whatever?"

"I know you have always been very kind in helping me, but still what made you so sorrowful when you came in from milking, if it was not that?"

"It was not that, at any rate," answered George.

"Then what was it? Do tell me, George, for I know there is something amiss, and I cannot tell what it is."

"It is nothing that you can help, Sally, so keep yourself easy, and get well again, for that will sooner bring back my spirits than any thing else."

"George, do tell me what is the matter. I am

very sick, and it only makes me worse to think of your being so sorrowful, and I not know the cause."

"Oh! I am not sorrowful," returned George, endeavouring to speak cheerfully, "I am only disappointed, but I shall soon get over it; for my father told me last night whilst we were milking, that he has had so many losses this season, both in sheep, and cows, and horses, that he will not be able to send me to school as he had promised to do."

But though George began his speech with an assumed cheerfulness, he was unable to keep it up; and as he pronounced the last words, the tears, in spite of his utmost efforts, filled his eyes, and were about to force themselves down his cheeks, when the voice of his mother calling him from below, checked their course, and he hastened down stairs to obey the summons.

"Tom, Sally wants you to go up stairs to her," said Peggy, in the evening, when the family were all assembled to supper.

"Wants me!" said Tom, in surprise. "What does she want me for? She surely does not expect that I can read to her, or talk to her about books, as George does."

"I don't know, but she said I must tell you to come up and speak to her."

Tom went up stairs, but when he came down again, though questioned by all around about the business for which he had been sent, he refused to

gratify their curiosity; but after eating his supper in silence, a very uncommon circumstance for him, for he generally had some exploit to recount that he had achieved with his gun, his horse, or his dog, he took his hat and went out, without making any remark about whither he was going, or what he was going to do; nor on his return was he any more communicative, though the curiosity of all was considerably excited about the nature of the business he had been upon.

In the mean time, Sally's illness increased in so alarming a manner, that even her mother ceased to talk about herself, and was anxious only for the health of her child.

The poor girl, as if conscious that her sufferings were only a just penance for the imprudence of which she had been guilty, uttered no complaints, though she tossed about the whole night in all the restlessness of a burning fever, and was, by the time that day-light arrived, so ill, that George was despatched in haste for the physician from the neighbouring town, whose arrival was waited for with an impatience that only those can understand who have known what it is to watch by the side of a beloved one, and count the minutes till the sufferer is relieved, and strength is given to their sinking hopes.

"What can George be about?" said the mother, looking out of the window, and straining her

anxious eyes in hopes of catching a glimpse of him as he came across the common; "he never was so long on an errand before. He surely might have managed to come back himself before this time, whether the doctor could come with him or not."

"Keep yourself easy, mother," said Sally, gently, who was the only one that was not impatient, "I am sure he will come back as soon as he possibly can."

"Peggy, run along as far as the stable yonder, and try if you can see any thing of him," added her mother, "and come back directly and tell me if you do."

Away went Peggy, followed by the little Kitty, and having caught a sight of her elder brother, was about to do as she had been ordered, and hasten to the house to announce the intelligence, when her curiosity was excited, and her steps arrested, by the sight of another object, for whose presence she was unable to account. "Why, who can that be that is coming along the road with Tom? I declare it is Ben, the butcher's boy. What can he want here, I wonder?" At that moment Tom was heard calling Croppy! Croppy! and in an instant Croppy came bounding across the common to meet him. George, too, had arrived at the same time from an opposite direction, and eagerly inquired what he wanted with Croppy; but the next moment, like a stroke of lightning, the truth

flashed across his mind, and, throwing himself down by the side of the lamb, he clasped his arms around its neck. "I know what is the matter—I know it all," he exclaimed. "Sally is going to sell Croppy, for the sake of paying for my schooling; but its innocent life shall not be taken away for any such thing. I can read and teach myself, and Croppy shall not be killed."

"Hush, George, give over making that noise, man. Don't you hear mother calling you? Get up, I tell you, and don't make such a rout about a lamb; it's not the first lamb that has been killed, I am sure."

Peggy now caught the alarm, and bursting into tears, she ran to the butcher's boy. "You must not take Croppy away. Oh! you shall not kill our dear little Croppy," she exclaimed, pushing the boy back with her little hands as she spoke, while Kitty, scarcely able to understand the meaning of what was going forward, and anxious only to show kindness to their little favourite, had got some water from a bucket that stood near her, and was trying to coax the little creature to drink. But Croppy, as if conscious of the fate that awaited him, was insensible to all her solicitations. At this moment, the sound of horses' feet was heard, and the next, the doctor rode up to them, and struck with the expression of grief on George's countenance, and with Peggy's distress, inquired

what was the matter. The story was soon told. "Oh, cheer up, my good boy," said he, addressing himself to George, whose sensibility and anxiety for improvement struck him with equal admiration, "keep yourself easy, for the lamb shall live, and you shall go to school into the bargain." So saying, he gave the butcher's boy a piece of money to reconcile him to going back without the lamb; then turning to George, he assured him that he would take the expense of his schooling upon himself, and that instead of a month, he should stay a year, or more, if he found that he continued to set as high a value as he at present did upon being furnished with the means of improvement. "And now," added he, "I must go and see after this kind sister of yours, whose health I shall be doubly anxious to restore after this proof of her amiable and affectionate disposition." But though he was on horseback, George was at the house before him, and was making his way immediately to Sally's room, when he was stopped by his mother, who met him, and, in an agony of tears, told him that Sally was too ill to be spoken to. Disappointed at not being able either to express his gratitude for the proof of affection which she had given, or to make her a sharer of his own happiness, he sunk down on a seat, and waited the return of the doctor, whom his mother now conducted to the sick chamber. After waiting a long time, he at length heard

the sound of his footsteps on the stairs, and his voice, as he spoke in a soft tone to his mother. George fixed his eyes on the face of the physician as he entered the room where he was, and endeavoured to read in it what he thought of his patient, but felt afraid to inquire.

"May I go up now?" asked he, in a timid voice.

"Yes. Go up, she is anxious to have you with her, and I am sure I need not tell you to pay her all the attention in your power."

George did not wait to make any reply, but was, in an instant, by Sally's bed-side. But how great, how alarming, was the change that he saw in her from the time that he had last left her!

"Sally! dear Sally, I am come to thank you," said he. Sally raised her eyes and smiled on him affectionately. "How kind it was to give up your little pet to pay for my schooling. But, though I am going to school, you will still have Croppy to be kind to."

"Croppy will not be taken from me, but I shall soon be taken away from him. George, I am going to leave you all very soon."

"Oh! Sally, don't talk that way," said George, in a tone of extreme agitation. "What has the doctor been doing to frighten you so?"

"The doctor has not frightened me. He told me that he hoped he should make me well again, but I know better; I know that I am dying; but

I am not frightened, George, for I know that I am going to a kind father. I am sorry to part with you all, especially you, George, but it must be, and we shall meet again soon."

"Oh, don't talk about dying, Sally," cried the afflicted boy, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he spoke, "don't talk about leaving us. I cannot bear to think of parting with you."

"George," said Sally, and an almost heavenly expression brightened her countenance as she spoke, "you have read a great deal, but your reading will be of little use if you have not learnt to know that it is our duty to submit with patience to the will of our Heavenly Father. I like to be with you, and am sorry to think of leaving you, but I know we shall meet again, and then there will be no more parting. But we will talk no more about it now. Mother is coming, and I don't want to distress her."

George looked at Sally, and tried to persuade himself that she was mistaken in imagining herself so ill. But the more he examined her countenance, on which the indelible stamp of death was already impressed, the more he was convinced that she was right. From that moment, he scarcely quitted her bed-side, but watched over her, read portions of the scriptures to her whenever she was able to listen, and even prayed with her. Her composure and benignity were gradually communicated to his mind, so that though the one of all the family who was

the most fondly attached to her, he was the only one who could view her approaching death with sufficient calmness to be able to listen to her when she talked about it. Short was the time, however, that he was called upon to exercise this self-command, for the vital torch was nearly extinguished, and her short, but innocent life, was nearly drawn to a close. George, whose affectionate offices seemed to become more and more grateful to her as the time approached nearer when she must resign them altogether, had sat up with her all night; and her mother, toward morning, was prevailed upon to go and take a little rest, under the assurance from Sally, that she did not need any thing that her brother could not do for her. Just as her mother left the room, the first beam of the morning sun glanced through the window. "Put out the lamp, George," said she, "and draw back the window curtain, that I may see the sun rise. It is the last time that I shall ever see it rise, and oh! it is a glorious sight. I should have been glad, if I had been permitted to live longer, for this world is beautiful, and I wanted to see you a wise and good man, but that I hope you will be, though I am not here to see it; and always remember me, George, and think how dearly I loved you. Raise me up a little, and put the pillows under my shoulders—there, that will do. Oh! George, I can't see! Take hold of my hand." George took her hand, she pressed

his gently; and he watched, scarcely venturing to breathe, lest it should prevent him from hearing her words when she should next speak. But gradually he felt her hand relax from the pressure of his; he looked at her lips, but they were still; he put his face to her mouth, but no breath escaped from it; all was motionless. He was conscious that she was dead, but so sweet, so placid was the repose into which she was sunk, that he was unwilling to stir, lest he should destroy the heavenly feeling. How long he thus hung over her, he was himself unconscious; but when, at length, he was interrupted by the entrance of some of the family, he left the room, and hastened into the open air, as if unwilling to mingle the hallowed feelings which pervaded his mind with the more boisterous grief of the other members of the family.

Violent grief, for such a death, George felt to be impossible; and though he never ceased to think of her loss but with the most affectionate regret, his sorrow was so blended with the conviction that the change was a happy one for her, that it soon softened down to a holy and tender remembrance, which served only to stimulate his mind to virtue and piety; and the sweet proof that she had given so short a time before her death of her affection for him, made him cherish with grateful pleasure the recollection of the Pet Lamb.

THE BANDITTI.

THE Baroness de C——— is a native of the island of Cuba, of French parentage, and married to a German emigrant. Her husband's coffee estate is situated near the bay of Cadenas, on the north coast of the island. All the world knows that the bay of Cadenas has been a famous, or rather infamous resort for pirates, and, indeed, bids fair to be so again, unless the government of the United States shall devise some effectual means of protecting our West Indian commerce.

The Baron de C——— was absent from his estate at the time of our narrative, having gone to Havana on business; and left his lady, rather incautiously, considering the times, under no other protection than that of a faithful mulatto servant, who was also entrusted with the care of the slaves and property. It is seldom that an estate, in that vicinity, is left without two or three white men, well armed, out of regard not less to the incursions of banditti, than to disturbance among the negroes. It so happened, however, on the present occasion, that the Baron was obliged to leave his estate and his family in a comparatively defenceless state.

He had been absent but two days, when the Baroness was awakened in the middle of the night, by loud and repeated blows against the front door, as of some one attempting to break into the house. Presently she heard the mulatto servant demanding from within, "Who was there?" which was answered by several loud voices, ordering him instantly to open the door. Before he had time, however, to consider what was to be done in such an emergency, the door was burst open, a number of armed men rushed in, and seizing him, ordered him not to make the slightest resistance on peril of his life.

The noise and bustle of these proceedings were heard with appalling distinctness by the Baroness, whose bed-room opened into the hall where the banditti were. She knew that she might easily escape herself by a back passage, and by secreting herself among the coffee trees, might avoid the insults of these ruffians, till morning, when they would, of course, be gone. But she could not do this without leaving her young children, four in number, to their mercy. This conflict between fear and maternal affection was not long. She resolved to face the danger. She had risen and dressed herself at the first alarm, and after taking her sleeping children from their little cot-beds, placing them all in her own bed, she drew the mosquito curtain close around them, and silently recommending herself to the care of Providence, and

collecting the resources of her own energetic mind, she issued from her chamber, and entered upon a scene which few men could have summoned resolution enough to encounter.

On coming to the estate, the first step of the robbers, who were eleven in number, had been to secure the slaves who slept in small thatched cottages at some distance from the master's dwelling. They had then proceeded to the house, and after forcing an entrance, had bound the mulatto, the only man-servant who slept in the house, and had commenced the work of plunder by a simultaneous attack on the sideboard, which was furnished with a handsome display of plate and cut-glass. The spirits, liquors, and cordials were safely disposed of by one set; while another, less sensual than avaricious, were secreting silver fruit baskets, tumblers, and spoons, in the folds of their Montero jackets.

In the midst of this havoc, the door of the Baroness's apartment opened, and she stood before them with an air rather of astonishment than fear.

Several of the fierce looking ruffians approached her at once, all exclaiming, "The keys! the keys! Senora, where has your husband secreted his treasure?" These men were all armed. Some wore pistols in their belts; others carried blunderbusses, and each had a sword by his side, and a dagger in his bosom. Their countenances were swarthy, and dark, their eyes flashed with malignant passion,

their voices were harsh, and their gestures threatening, as they approached the defenceless but undaunted woman.

"Gentlemen," said she, in a soft but steady voice, "gentlemen, you are wrong in supposing that my husband has treasure concealed in the house."

"We know he has!" exclaimed one of the villains, "and you must show us where it is, or die;" accompanying this courteous address with a threatening movement of his sword.

One of their number, who stood nearest the Baroness, on hearing this speech, cast a look at the wretch who had uttered it, which caused him to draw back his sword, and skulk out of sight. Another fellow drew a pistol from his girdle, and pointing it toward the lady, demanded the keys, and several others were drawing their swords, and preparing to enforce the demand, when the same man who had interposed his authority a moment before, called out in a voice of thunder, "Silence, ruffians! Do you not see that it is a lady? Do ye forget that ye are men?" Saying this, he extended his sword horizontally between the Baroness and her persecutors, and pushed them back en masse.

"Senora," he proceeded, turning to the lady, "we are not common banditti, although the conduct of some here might lead you to suppose so; nor is it a small temptation that has brought us hither. We have obtained certain information that your hus-

band has lately received a large sum of money. We have good reason to suppose that it is concealed in the house, and, though I regret that the misfortune should fall on such a noble and beautiful lady as yourself, you must deliver it to us."

"I know of no money in the house," replied the Baroness. "If my husband has received any, he has not informed me where it is."

"You will then allow us to search for it ourselves," replied the robber. "Be kind enough, Senora, to hand us the keys of your husband's closets and desks."

The Baroness had no alternative but to deliver up the keys. She went into her room, and, instantly returning, gave them into the hands of the robber who had demanded them, and while the search commenced, she retired to her room. There she could overhear the villains as they prosecuted the work of pillage and destruction. When there was any difficulty of unlocking a door or desk, it was burst open, and their oaths and curses at each fresh disappointment they met with in their search for treasure, were loud and threatening.

After an hour of dreadful suspense, the Baroness heard a party of them return from the chambers into the hall adjoining her room, and, with horrid imprecations, declaring that they would destroy every article of furniture, and even murder every creature in the house, if the money were not forth-

coming; and at the same moment, the crash of a chandelier, which hung in the hall, and the cries and entreaties for mercy from the poor mulatto, gave assurance of their determination to execute the threat.

The next moment, the Baroness heard the man, who had protected her before, remonstrating with his comrades, and endeavouring to convince them that they might be mistaken about the money. "That man," thought she, "can save me, and he shall."

She ordered one of the female attendants, who stood trembling around her, to call him into the room. When he appeared, the Baroness addressed him in a firm and steady manner.

"Senor," said she, "I observe that you have some authority with these men, and I am much mistaken if you are not their leader. I have told you the truth about the money you are in search of. I am very certain that there is none in the house. My husband is in Havana. I know that if he had left money here, he would have informed me where he had deposited it. Your companions are misinformed, and they are unreasonable in their demands and threats. I must claim your protection, Senor. Here I am a defenceless woman, and here," said she, raising the curtain, and pointing to the bed where they lay, "here are my children. We have no protector but you. Take all you can

find in the house, but as you are a man, save me from insult, and my children from injury."

The robber cast one glance at the anxious countenance of the mother, and another at the unconscious group of children. They were all asleep. The youngest had thrown his dimpled arm around his brother's neck, who was smiling in his innocent dreams, as the stern bandit gazed upon them.

"Senora," said he, "you and your children are safe. Not a hair of your heads shall be hurt. Stay in this room, and if one of my companions dare approach it, he dies."

So saying, he left the apartment. The Baroness was not disturbed in her asylum, but the house was thoroughly pillaged, and it was day-light ere she heard them leaving the hall. She then issued from her apartment to witness a scene of utter desolation. Her bureau was broken open, and her jewels were stolen. The fragments of the broken chandelier were scattered over the floor, the sideboard was covered with broken decanters and tumblers, its drawers were pulled out: table linen, knives and forks were tumbled about, and every article of plate was gone.

The last circumstance furnished occasion for the display of a new trait of her unconquerable spirit. Hearing the robbers mounting their horses at the door, she ran out and called to them—

"Cavalleros! Have you no more gallantry than

this? Will you take all my jewels, and every article of my plate? Will you leave a lady without so much as a spoon or an ear-ring?"

It will hardly be believed, but it is a literal fact, that the leader dismounted, and restored her a couple of silver spoons, and some jewels of trifling value; at the same time, taking the opportunity to exact from her a solemn promise that she would not give the alarm, nor cause them to be pursued for twenty-four hours.

This promise she faithfully observed, and when, at the expiration of the stipulated time, they were pursued, they were traced to the sea-shore by scattered articles of plunder. The most careful search, however, never discovered who were the perpetrators of this singular outrage.

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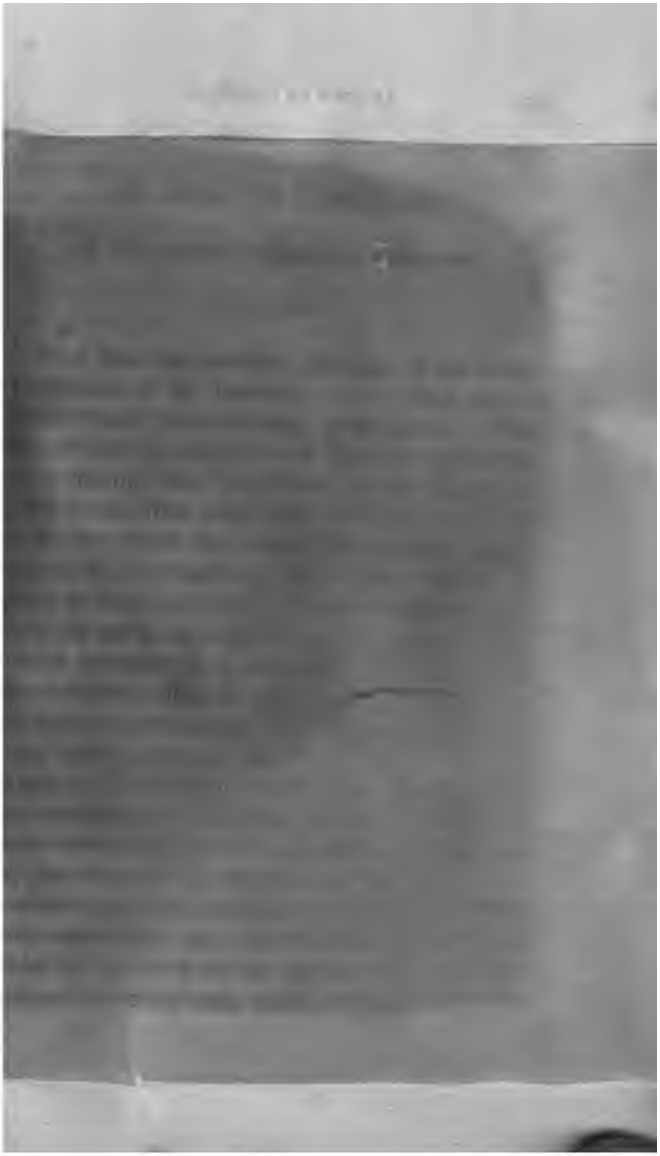
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THE WOLF & THE LAMBS.

Published by T.T. Ash. Philad.ª





LE LOUP ET L'AGNEAU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LIGHTS OF EDUCATION.

Soon after the dreadful massacre of the white inhabitants of St. Domingo many years ago, a French family came to settle in Baltimore. With a small sum of money, saved from the wreck of a large fortune, they purchased an acre of ground, about a mile from town, with a stone house built on it; over which they contrived to spread a foreign appearance, by thatching the slanting roof of the porch in front—latticing the small windows—and hanging out a nightingale in a wicker cage. The family consisted of a gentleman and lady, a nephew, and an infant daughter, with the domestics, the faithful adherents of their master's adverse fortune. After some time, Mr. Leroy obtained a small salary in the French consul's office; Madame Leroy worked stays; the servant woman (Pauline) made cakes, and sold them at market, or in the park on *field-days*, to the followers of the military assembled there. The man (Antoine) cultivated West India vegetables; but when Pauline was away, he added all the work of the house to his own occupation; and could cook, wash, and iron, better than

herself, though he never scolded half so loud. Little Susette was a sweet creature; with bright laughing black eyes, and of a lively, courageous temper. Her cousin was not so; whether the horrid scenes he indistinctly remembered in his own country, or the little sympathy he found in another, tended the most to depression and fear, I know not; but Louis was pensive even to sadness, and timid almost to feminine weakness. These qualities, so injurious to his future prospects, might have been overcome, since they did not appear in the feelings of his early childhood, had he been left either with his family, in the peaceful enjoyment of his own little pleasures, or found associates, who would have enlivened and encouraged by kindness and protection. But the only boy who sought his society, was the least likely to benefit him in this respect. He was the son of a wealthy brewer, whose residence was near Mr. Leroy's, and his name was Michael Redman; commonly called Mike, and sometimes Red Mike. This boy was the usual companion of Louis, from beyond the Falls to school, and back again. Strange, that nothing should grow out of such constant intercourse, in a free country, but wanton oppression and slavish fear; because the ready invention and quick perception of the little Frenchman excited the envy of his unintellectual companion, though he affected to despise all the delicate endowments of that mind, which he kept in bon-

dage by the exercise of his savage strength alone; but this reduced Louis to the most degraded state of slavery, till at length he became subservient to his tyrant's purposes on every occasion; would I could say of good *or* evil, where all was evil. On Michael's youthful countenance already were impressed the marks of fatal passions; and every day the traces deepened, the shadows darkened. This was more perceptible, whenever his forbidding face appeared in opposition to the lovely, innocent countenance of Louis Leroy; and then so remarkable was the contrast exhibited, that any one would have been struck with the truth of the application, when an old French gentleman, who usually came on an evening to share Mr. Leroy's frugal supper, of bread and salad, exclaimed on seeing the two boys together—"Voila, le loup et l'agneau." (Behold, the wolf and the lamb.) Well might he say so, and the transactions of two days will prove it sufficiently to the reader. Little Susette had been ill, and was ordered regular exposure in the open air. This was not so easy, considering the constant occupation of the family; but Louis carried her in his arms all about the place, whenever he was at home, till she recovered, and then she soon grew too stout for his nursing; so one day, when Pauline was gone to attend a parade in the park, Antoine was spreading out beans and okeras at the back of the house to dry, and Madame Leroy was finishing

a pair of stays, Louis took the baby in his arms, and carried her under a shady tree; when sitting down beside her, he began to contrive in his thoughts a proper coach for her.

As soon as he had drawn out the plan in his head, he set about the execution of it with his hands; and by the labour of a few Saturdays, and the sacrifice of a little money that his teacher had given him for some service in the school, he made her an elegant carriage, which he painted with yellow ochre, and emblazoned with his uncle's coat of arms, as he thought he remembered it on the old family coach, belonging to three generations of noblesse in St. Domingo. He had put the infant in her fairy vehicle, and was drawing her toward the house, to show it to his aunt, when Mike Redman appeared. "Hurra, Louy, what have you got there? It looks like a frog in a pumpkin shell." The comparison was not unapt, when he only saw a small head, and two little fat hands, peeping out of a yellow box. "Come, tumble it out here, I want you to go a-fishing, and this wagon will do to carry them home in." "Oh, no, Michael, that is little Susette's." "Oh, never mind, she's able to trot about well enough on her own stumpy legs; but the fish have no feet to walk." "I will bring Antoine's basket." "No, you needn't, this thing here is a great deal better; and we'll keep it for that always. So hurra, Miss Susan, clear out, and run

as fast as you can." Saying this, he took the baby from the carriage, and stood her on the ground; upon which she did not cry, but remained looking in his face, with a mixed expression of surprise and dislike, and never offered to stir; Louis, who at the moment was more afraid for Susette than himself, agreed to go with Mike, if he would wait till he carried the child in. Satisfied with his conquest so far, Redman remained; and when Louis returned, they set off,—but this poor boy could not recover the mortification of sacrificing the toy he had made, with such ingenuity, for the use of his little cousin, and with which he thought he should delight her parents, for the portage of Mike Redman's fish: yet, even this was not so painful a sensation, as he felt, when forced by his companion to catch worms, and bait the hooks with them. At the commencement, indeed, he was so much overcome, that he sickened to faintishness, upon which Michael showed so much feeling, as to throw a hat-full of water in his face; from which it descended in streams to his breast, and making his clothes thoroughly wet, promised to add ill health to the other evils of his constitution. When the boys were returning home, Mike said, "This is a prime thing, Louy—this here wagon, I'm going to keep it, to carry things always; you can easily get another for yourself, if you want." "No, Michael, I cannot, I have not more money." "Oh! well then,

you can do without—as you did before you made it." "But, little Susette, she cannot do without it, because she is sick." "Sick—not she, I tell you —she's as stout as any little pig, so you must make her walk." "Oh, no, Michael, she is too little, she cannot walk such a great deal." "To be sure she can—it is the very thing for her; why, she'll grow as round as one of them tubs yonder in our yard, if you let her ride; so, I'll keep the carriage for that; and, look here, Louy, since you're so clever at these sort o' notions, I want you to make me some arrows. You must get me a dozen done by Saturday—that's the last of our holydays, you know—and then, if I shoot any birds a *Sunday*, I'll give you one or two for your supper." "I do not want them, Michael, I would prefer you let them sing on Sunday."—"Well, I don't want to give you any birds, if you prefer *go without*—but you must make me the arrows at any rate, and if you don't have them ready, when I call for them, you'll be sorry." What Mike Redman wanted with a dozen arrows and a baby's carriage, I leave to the consideration of those young people, who have witnessed in their companions a premature acuteness in ways of traffic; which discovers itself in the sale, or barter, of all the small wares they can beg or borrow: I omit the other word, so commonly united with these two, because, I trust, that at this period, when education has extended moral influence so far, there is not one,

in the whole circle of boyish transgressions, to whom the application of such a word would not be a false and shocking libel. The characters of children then, perhaps, were less attended to; and certainly Mike Redman's parents, though they fed him plentifully, and clothed him fashionably, could never have instructed him in the slightest principle; since he did not give without reluctance, to the poor boy who assisted him materially, a few little fishes to help out his miserable dinner, or scruple to take from him a toy that had cost him three days' labour, and the money that otherwise should have purchased him a new jacket, (which he sadly wanted,) to procure pleasure for his infant relative.

When Louis entered the room, where the family usually assembled, he found the old French gentleman had come to dine with them; though there was nothing on the table, but a dish of okera or gumbo soup, a salad, and an omelette; to which, however, were soon added, through the quick hands of Antoine, Louis's contribution of fish; and surely round any richer board, there was not then assembled a more striking picture of "the sublime and beautiful:" a Christian philosopher cheerfully resigned to the changes of fortune, and his lovely companion, with faithful affection, smiling while she shared his fate. There was so striking a resemblance between Madame Leroy and her nephew, that many persons supposed they were mother and

son; and as he was the only child of a beloved sister, that escaped the general death, she loved him as if he had been her own. Mr. Leroy was also related to him in the same degree; his brother having married the mother of Louis,—had this not been the case, however, he would have been fond of him for his wife's sake. He loved every one that she loved, and herself more than all. Little Susette had forgotten her coach, or resigned to its loss, was making smiling faces over her soup as she drafted it from her plate to her mouth, by half spoonfuls at a time. Poor Louis almost forgot his hardships, under a cruel task-master, when he sat down to his temperate meal, with so good an appetite; while the pleasant jests of the gay old gentleman were relished by all the party, with that better philosophy of the French school, which teaches to make the most of the simplest pleasures, and which, I am afraid, few but her own scholars have learned. The next morning Louis arose early, to perform his allotted task, which would have been easy enough, even had he been less expert. His aunt, whom he did not inform that this labour was involuntary, and from whom he had constantly concealed all the other impositions of Mike Redman, gave him a dozen large pins to dip the arrows with, and Antoine cut him the most suitable wood. But light as the task was, his spirit now rebelled at this slavery, and whispered "Be

free," so with a revolting soul he finished the arrows. But Michael, whose father had taken him to the country on Saturday, could not call for them before Monday, when they were to go to school. Louis had a satchel made, ready to carry his books neatly; but Mike, whose mother never thought of making him one, was obliged to carry his as well as he could without, and he now threw them down with his cap and gloves, to examine the arrows; little Susette, who was playing in the yard, with a tin cup, and with which she had been making music on the stones, now began to look at the books, and with the usual destructiveness of infancy to the works of literature, she tore some of the leaves out. When Mike had put all the arrows in the quiver, except one, he turned round, and seeing the condition of his books, he flew at the little creature in a rage, as if he would tear her in pieces; and so verify his title to the name of a wolf. The cowardice of Louis at that instant vanished; he sprang forward, and seized the young savage by the collar, while his faithful little dog caught hold of one of the straps of Mike's trowsers. This gave the infant some time to escape, and with terrifying cries she ran toward the house. Her mother came to the door in dreadful alarm, when seeing her nephew closed up against the garden gate, by the powerful shoulders of Mike Redman, (who had his hands clenched,) and the little dog howling at his

feet, in extreme pain, she called, in the agony of fear, upon two men, who were looking out from the brewery yard, at the boys' affray, to separate them. "Be aisy, Casper," said one, "and let the boys fight it out, I'll jist step over and see the Frenchman clear o' the fence." "Put I'll see de Frenchman clear o' Mike, Patrick; mine hearts, de poy wouldn't stant no chance at all mit him." With these separate intentions, they both sallied forth, and approached the combatants. Pat released the Frenchman, but Mike, resisting the interference of such authority, was knocked down by the German; who, as an excuse for himself, when he was called upon by Mr. Redman to relate the whole transaction, offered this:—"In my country, de poys are prought up to mind the sayins o' pigger people." Mr. Redman, who was not himself an unjust man, admitted the apology, and soon after, considering, perhaps, though it was then too late, that he did not properly control his vicious propensities, while he exposed them to continual increase in the contaminating sphere around him, he sent Michael to school at a distance from home, and recompensed his little neighbour, by many acts of kindness, for the cruel oppression of his son. When I asked the person, who told me this story, what became of the two boys in after life, he said, Michael Redman inherited a large property, which he soon spent; after this he went to sea; and I would, probably, never have

learned his final fate, had he not been announced in the newspapers, some years after, with an *alias* to his name, among a number of men who were executed for piracy. In process of time, Louis Leroy married his young cousin Susette; and proved, through a long course of years, his filial affection to her parents. He contrived to add to his small patrimony by several useful inventions, which were patented in the state. He reared up a numerous family, with the same frugal and temperate habits that he had been taught, and under the same roof which had sheltered his own boyhood; while all the other habitations that had risen around him were constantly changing their owners and inmates. Behold the just end of "Le Loup et L'Agneau."

THE STEPMOTHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS OF EDUCATION."

My young readers will perhaps remember the name of Marcus Roscoe, in the story of "The Percevals," though he was a rude boy, and not calculated to excite much interest. He may appear to more advantage at the sequel of the present story; and in the beginning, I must observe, that he had been for many years without a mother's softening influence; and his father, whose property was divided into sections over the state of Maryland, could not properly be said to have a home for his children any where. He therefore usually placed them at school; but here the passions of Marcus, naturally unruly, were rather strengthened than subdued, and the least knowledge he gained, was that of self-control, however small might be the amount of all the rest. But Marcus had strong affections, and those, with the exception of what he bestowed on a very indulgent father, were all centred in a little sister who had been, like himself, for ever shifting the theatre of her education from place to place. Soon after the vacation, which brought home Alfred

and Charles, but not Marcus Roscoe, his father called at Mr. Perceval's, to make some inquiry respecting him. Alfred, who had been only a short time at school with him, would not pass judgment on his character. "His manners are very rude and unpleasant, I have heard," said Mr. Roscoe. "Did you find them so, Alfred? I would rather have your opinion of Marcus than that of all the other boys in school." "He was thought rather rough there, sir," answered Alfred, (blushing deeply at Mr. Roscoe's implied compliment to himself,) "but I do not think any body makes allowance enough for Marcus. He is very good natured sometimes, and he has no dear mother as we have to teach him what is polite always." "That is true, Alfred, and a great misfortune to him and me. Emily, too, wants a mother sadly. Take your fingers out of your mouth, my dear little daughter, and let me see if you cannot stand up straight like the Miss Percevals." Mr. Roscoe here endeavoured to incline her form toward the perpendicular, as it rested against his knee; but as she resisted, it declined more and more, till at length, to prevent her falling back, he was obliged to take her on his lap; and this action fortunately arrested a flood of tears, that by her glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, appeared just springing from foolish shame, and a petted temper. Distressed and mortified, Mr. Roscoe was obliged at last to take her a way, without making

the pleasing impression on his friends that he could have wished; and as he mournfully led the child back to his lodgings, he reflected on what Alfred Perceval had said; still he thought he was not doing justice to the memory of his devoted wife, to leave her children for ever without a mother's careful direction, since he himself could not devote that attention to them which they required. After much consideration, therefore, he determined to risk a refusal, against the chance of being accepted, by a lady he had long considered as one of the brightest ornaments of her sex—talents, virtue, and piety, diffusing beauty over a figure, of which time might otherwise have improved the grace. When Mr. Roscoe addressed this lady, it is to be supposed that he did not dwell entirely on the advantage his children would derive from her education of them, though it certainly appeared to be the feature that struck her most forcibly in the proposal; for she answered at once, "I am afraid, Mr. Roscoe, that my influence would be too feeble a restraint on the self-will of fourteen; I am naturally timid of contention, and discord would be terrible to me, and the more so now, perhaps, because, I think, I can truly say, during all the trials of my life, that I never created an enemy, or alienated a friend." "Then, madam, you have yourself urged the most forcible reason in favour of my suit," and Mr. Roscoe continued to plead for his children, and himself,

till the doubts of the lady were overruled, and she at length became the mistress of a handsome house, the wife of an accomplished gentleman, and the mother of two unruly children, by way of counterbalance to those advantages. Marcus Roscoe possessed many prejudices, and the most prominent, perhaps, were those he had imbibed against ladies he called old maids and stepmothers. To find both those characters united, then, in the mistress of his father's house, was a very mortifying trial indeed; and when he was recalled home, therefore, he determined to make it as uncomfortable as possible to the lady; for his prejudices were not the less obstinate, because they were unsupported by reason, or unwarranted by experience—he had known few old maids in his young life, and still fewer stepmothers. Mr. Roscoe met his son as soon as he arrived in Baltimore, and when they reached home, introduced him into a room elegantly furnished, where a lady, seated at a centre table, was very neatly working a child's dress.

She arose with a smile as her husband entered, but when she gave her hand to his fearful charge, she turned a little pale, and the tears stood for a moment in her eyes. It was impossible for Marcus, prejudiced as he was, to observe the sensibility expressed in Mrs. Roscoe's face, without some emotion; and in spite of himself, his own countenance softened, while he involuntarily put up his hands

to smooth down his fierce locks, every hair of which stood out from his head, in the attitude of determination. "But where is Emily, papa? I want to see her too." "She is just returned from walking, Mr. Roscoe," said the lady to her husband, "but Jane is taking off her cloak and bonnet—she will be here directly." When Emily came, her brother received her with open arms. "Oh, how you are grown, Emily, and I like to see you dressed so; how I do hate them flowered gowns, and trolloping sashes you used to wear—and who made your hair look so pretty and smooth, without them tumble-down combs, at the top of your head, that looked so horrid?" "Mamma took away my new silk frock, and my pretty tortoise comb, for she did not like them either; but I thought they were beautiful, and I would have cried when they went away, only she gave me a pretty new doll for them. But I want them now." "Then you shall have them, Emily—you shall have every thing that you want." "Is your power then so unlimited, Marcus?" asked his father, overlooking the impropriety of the speech in the affection it implied. "Oh, I do not mean every thing, papa; I only mean what money can buy." And then, to please the little girl according to her own taste, he enumerated all the trinkets he had ever heard named as female ornaments. Mrs. Roscoe, who possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, fancied the child dressed out in all this finery;

and not repressing her laughter, she said, "Why, Emily, your brother intends to make a perfect little Indian queen of you." But his promises, absurd as they were, made a great impression on a little girl, who had scarcely commenced loving a person that restrained her uneasy wishes; and while Marcus was at home, the affectionate solicitude of Mrs. Roscoe was despised, and all her indulgence rejected, because it was rendered subservient to Emily's real good. Mr. Roscoe, confident that he had provided the best means for counteracting his children's injurious propensities, was contented to leave them in possession of the results; and after giving up Emily entirely to her mother's guidance, and seeking out the best school for Marcus, he became again an absentee from Baltimore, for the purpose of disposing of part of his most distant property. In Mr. Roscoe's absence, Marcus assumed still greater importance; though he was mortified to believe, that the highly gifted woman, his father had desired him to respect as a mother, was little disposed to admit his high pretensions, and still less to love him. Yet her conduct was kind and patient to him, and tender as maternal love to his little sister, who repaid her affectionate care with occasional fits of fondness, with which, making allowance for childish caprice, Mrs. Roscoe appeared satisfied. Soon after Mr. Roscoe left town Mr. Maelzel came to Baltimore, with his extraordinary automatons, and advertised

the conflagration of Moscow. Emily, who had seen the rope-dancers before, and held the little dolls in her hand, was now all anxiety to see Moscow burning, and asked Marcus to take her that evening. "Yes, I will so—I want to see it myself." "Do you go then, Marcus, but you must not take Emily out this cold night, when she has been so unwell all day." "That is the very reason she ought to go, ma'am; it will amuse her. They can wrap her up so, that she'll never catch cold. Don't you want to go, Emily?" "To be sure I want to go." "But, my dear, you said that you were too unwell to-day to learn your lessons; and I saw that you were too ill to eat your dinner." "But I am quite well now, mamma." "Still, Emily, it would never do for you to go out this bitter night. You can see the exhibition another time." "No, mamma, for then it will be going away. They say 'only for a few nights,' and may be Marcus won't be here then. I want to go to-night—Marcus, won't you take me?" "Yes, to be sure; I said so." "But you ought not to have said so, Marcus, when it would be dangerous for your sister to go. You must be satisfied to stay at home to-night, Emily—but may be, Maria Perceval will come and play with you, if I send for her." "I don't want Maria Perceval, nor Harriet either; I just want to go and see Moscow burned down. Marcus would take care that I did not get sick." "If he could do so,

my dear, you should undoubtedly go; but as that depends upon a higher power, I will not trust you to his keeping." Finding that arguments had no effect, the little girl had recourse to tears, which would certainly have been unavailing also, had her brother been of a less persevering character. The tears rendered his determination invincible: and his temper, already irritated by the worst side of an argument, began to exhibit its darkest shades. "Emily, what's the use of crying? you shall go." "Marcus"—"Yes, she shall; what right have you to say she shall not?" "The right that your father gave me, Marcus, when he induced me, against my inclination, to undertake the painful task of teaching his 'children in the way they should go.' You, Marcus, I am afraid are beyond my training; but let Emily, at least, mind what I say." "Emily shall not do a thing that she does not choose; and she shall go to Maelzel's if she likes. It is not cold a bit—she always used to do whatever she pleased, and so she shall now; she shall so, in spite of all the stepmothers in the world." And without waiting to put the firmness of the lady to another trial, while she stood aghast at the daring temper of the insolent boy, he carried his sister off in triumph to the conflagration of Moscow. But from the piercing cold without, to the heated crowd within, there was with Emily but the transition from ague to fever. The first part of the exhibition went off,

however, without her brother experiencing any more painful sensation than the certain knowledge of acting wrongly; for though Emily appeared dull with the chess-player, she laughed heartily at the little musician with the violin. She started, to be sure, at the first note of the trumpeter's horn, but then she seemed quite amused at the sight of the rope-dancers. But when, after waiting a great while, the little puppets passed round to her, she could scarcely hold them in her trembling hands; and when they were made to say papa and mamma, she began to cry bitterly. "What's the matter with your sister, Marcus?" said Alfred Perceval, who came over from an opposite bench to speak to him, while Mr. Maelzel was preparing behind the scenes for the last act. "Indeed I don't know. What's the matter with you, Emily? what makes you cry?" "Oh! I was thinking of papa and mamma, when the dolls said so; for I'm very sick —and when I go home, I'll not sit up I'm sure— I'll just go to bed and die for being so bad; and then I dare say mamma will cry about me more than ever she did when she first came home and saw me." Emily said this in such a low and languid tone that no one heard her except her brother and Alfred. "And was she never cross to you since?" asked Marcus, in a low tone also. "No, she never was; though I'm so bad sometimes, that when I say my prayers, I'm obliged to ask the Almighty to forgive

me." Marcus felt deeply struck at his sister's words, especially as he now observed her changing colour, and felt her burning hands. "I believe I was very wrong to bring Emily here, when—" (he hesitated between "Mrs. Roscoe," and "my mother,") "when she was told not to come." "Did Mrs. Roscoe advise Emily to stay at home?" asked Alfred. "Yes; and I wish now I had let her." "Indeed, I wish you had, Marcus, for she looks very sick. But if you want to see the conflagration so much, I will take her home for you, and tell Mrs. Roscoe, that you are sorry you brought her. I can come again to-morrow night, when Charles brings the children." "Thank you, Alfred—but I think it would be better for me to take her home myself, and say that I am sorry." "That would be the right way, indeed, Marcus: and if you only knew how every body esteems Mrs. Roscoe, you would never like to offend her so much again; papa and mamma say she is the finest woman in Baltimore —for she does good in every way." "Indeed I am sure she is a very fine woman," cried Marcus—his pride perhaps for the first time yielding a little to his father's choice—"and I dare say that I have behaved like a fool. Emily, do you want to go home, darling?" "Yes, I do so." "And you don't want to see the conflagration?" "No, I do not." "Well, come then, we will go,"—and saying this, he took his sister by the hand and led her out; but

when they reached the door she was unable to walk farther, and he was obliged to take her in his arms and carry her home.

When Marcus entered the parlour with the child, he found Mrs. Roscoe anxiously waiting their return. He laid Emily on the sofa by her side, and was just beginning his preconceived apology, with a broken spirit and penitent heart, when the trace of deep distress in his mother's countenance arrested the words before they could part from his lips. He tried again and again to utter them, but in vain; and at last totally overcome with the unavailing effort, he sunk down on a chair before her; while —not being able to restrain his tears—he covered his face with his hands, and could only express in broken words, his sentiments of grief and fear. "Oh, Emily, my poor little sister—I have killed her indeed—and what will become of me—my father—what will he say? Nobody can ever forgive me, I am sure." "My poor boy," said Mrs. Roscoe,—whose resentments never outlived the first breath of atonement, when there was far less sorrow,—"my poor dear boy," she repeated, laying her hand gently on his head, "if your sister were to die indeed, you would be severely punished, if no one else remembered your offence beside yourself. But you must not be so much alarmed, Marcus; come, I will give you something to do: Caleb, you know, is rather like a *creep-mouse*—you had better go for Dr. Wood-

ville." There was something so cheering in the tone of Mrs. Roscoe's voice, as she said this, that Marcus raised his head; and when he met her tender smile, the horror of his fear departed. Suddenly enlivened with hope, he arose, and throwing his arms round his mother's neck, exclaimed—"then, mamma, if Emily does not die, you will certainly forgive me?" With these words, he kissed her cheek and ran out of the room; but it scarcely appeared that he had left the house, when he returned with Dr. Woodville, who had Emily immediately bathed in warm water and put to bed. He then ordered what medicine he considered proper; and as soon as she was quiet and appeared disposed to sleep, he left her till the morning. Mrs. Roscoe then made arrangements for attending Emily during the night. Marcus, who had been anxiously watching at his sister's door, till the physician left her chamber, now asked permission to enter. He observed his mother's movements in silence, till she was seated at a small table, upon which were placed a bible, a book of prayer, and a small volume of beautiful hymns: she opened this, and at once her eye fell on the following verses in the hymn for the sick:—

"When dangers, woes, and death are nigh,
Past mercies teach us where to fly;
Thine arm, Almighty God, can save,
When sickness grieves or pains invade.

All medicines act by thy decree—
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant that spreads the plains,
But teems with health when Heaven ordains."

Mrs. Roscoe finished reading the hymn; but then closing the book, she leaned over the table, sighing heavily and frequently. Marcus became again alarmed. "Does Dr. Woodville think Emily dangerously ill now, mamma?" and he put his hand tenderly on hers, as it supported her head. She looked up, and trying to hide her tears, said, "I hope not, Marcus; but he says he will know better to-morrow; and I will not leave her a moment to-night." "But you will not sit up till morning by yourself, mamma?" "Not by myself, Marcus—there is a Being, I trust, to watch with me, who never deserts the sick or dying." "Yes, ma'am, but I think you will feel lonesome for all that, without a human being near you; shall I stay with you, mamma?—I know I could keep awake; for if I go to bed I will never sleep, thinking of poor little Emily." "Then, my dear, if you lie awake in those hours of the night you ought to sleep, pray earnestly to the Almighty, that it may be the last time your own folly keeps you watching: and I would rather you were to bed, Marcus. I think Emily will be better the morning—but you might become sick if you remained with me, as you are not accustomed

nursing. Good night, then, my son." Marcus felt the endearing epithet sink into his heart, as he rose to obey his mother's wishes. "But you will be cold in the night, mamma," said he, "let me first tell them to bring up a heap of wood for the fire, and get you my warm plaid cloak to wear." "Thank you, Marcus," said Mrs. Roscoe, smiling affectionately, "I believe you and I will be very good friends after all. But I have a comfortable flannel wrapper, which will be lighter than your cloak; however, you may order up some wood—and I will have a little stronger coffee made; that will prevent any inclination to sleep." In the morning Emily was something better; but it was a long time before she was nearly well; and while Marcus saw his mother withering and wasting with her ceaseless watchfulness and anxiety, his manner toward her grew constantly more soft and mild, till at length the rough materials were polished by female influence, and promised in time to become a gem of great price. While Emily was confined to her room, Marcus spent many of the hours he was not in school, with her; and when he learned his lessons there, he was greatly assisted by the extensive information of Mrs. Roscoe, who soon made the pursuits of science and literature delightful to him, by her exquisite manner of conveying information. When Mr. Roscoe returned after two months' absence, he found his family altered considerably. Emily was not so pretty, and

much more delicate than she was before; Mrs. Roscoe was quite a shadow, and Marcus was almost a gentleman. Mrs. Roscoe acquainted her husband with every material circumstance that had occurred during his absence, except the improper conduct of Marcus, which had led to Emily's illness; but she dwelt with particular satisfaction on his respectful consideration ever since. Mr. Roscoe was so pleased with this account of his son, that, with injudicious approval, he took out his purse and gave Marcus twenty dollars, as a reward for his good conduct. However, it did not do Marcus so much injury as might be expected from so sudden a temptation. He went over to his mother when Mr. Roscoe gave him the money, and taking hold of the ends of a very plain handkerchief which she wore—"Mamma," said he, "this is a very ugly handkerchief, I think." "Well, my son, you know that I have others, which are handsomer." "Yes, but none that are so very beautiful." "They are all pretty enough for an old lady like me, Marcus," said Mrs. Roscoe, good humouredly smiling. "You must not call yourself an old lady, mamma, when every body says you are so handsome." "I am sorry they say any thing so foolish, my dear: but you must not say so, at all events, Marcus. We must not have you polished into a flatterer: take care, now, that you do not spend your money foolishly."

But Marcus once more disobeyed. He had seen an

advertisement of "Superb Lace Capes," such as had never before appeared in the Baltimore market. Marcus went to the place, and selected one with great taste, from a number which were really elegant: and when it was folded up, he carried it home at the expense of eighteen dollars. As soon as he entered the drawing-room where his mother sat, he stole softly behind her chair, and, unfolding the handkerchief, threw it over her shoulders; only with the slight mistake of placing the hind part before. Mr. Roscoe was charmed with the generous and grateful spirit of his son. But Mrs. Roscoe, while she pressed his hands, as they were fixing the cape around her neck, chided him a little for wasting a large sum on any one article of dress, "when it could be turned to so many useful purposes." "You mean charity, mamma; but all the good I ever hope to do in my life, I began first to learn from you. I do not think eighteen dollars is very much to pay for it: do you think it is, papa?" "No, my son; and for all my happiness in you, through this circumstance, what ought I to pay your dear mother?" "Papa," said Emily, "did Marcus buy that elegant cape for mamma to-day?" "Yes, my dear." "I wish I had something to buy for her too; I ought, I think, for I love her better than Marcus does; I loved her the first moment you told me." "Then come with me, Emily," said her father, "and we shall all have a monitor." Mr.

Roscoe then led Emily to his room, and putting into her hand an exquisite time-piece, made by L'Epine of Paris, and hung to a rich gold chain, he told her to carry it to her mother: Emily did so, and hung it round her neck, over the lace cape. Her father then taking his children's hands, and uniting them with Mrs. Roscoe's, said earnestly, while the expression of grateful feeling exhibited in his countenance heightened the effect of his words—"Now, my dearest Mary will be reminded, every hour, of that gratitude which we have expressed to-day—and may we never forget it: so shall one virtue be the parent of many, and every moment of time be improved for eternity."

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CHILD LEFT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

ADAPTED TO A PICTURE BY SULLY.

Why dost thou sport amid those swelling waves,
Child of the frolic brow? The billows rush
Foaming and vexing with a maniac's wrath,
To do unuttered deeds, and the wild clouds
Muster and frown, as if bold midnight rear'd
Her throne at noon-day. Hear'st thou not the winds
Uttering their ruffian threats? Is this a time
To lave that snowy foot? Away! away!
————What!—have all fled?—and art thou left alone?—
By those who wandered with thee on the beach,
In the fair sun-light of a summer's morn,
Forgotten thus! Had'st thou a mother, sweet?
Oh, no—no—no! *She* had not turn'd away,
Though the strong tempest rose to tenfold wrath,—
She had not fled without thee,—had not breath'd
In safety or at ease save when she heard
Thy murmur'd tone beside her,—had not slept
Until thy drench'd and drooping curls were dried
In her fond bosom. *Nature never made*
A mother to forget. Why, she had dared
Yon fiercest surge to save thee, or had plung'd,
Clasping thee close and closer, down,—down,—down,—
Where thou art going. Lo! the breakers rush
Bellowing, to demand thee. Shrink not, child!
Innocence need not fear. Sweet shalt thou sleep
'Mid ocean's sunless flowers. The lullaby

Of the mermaiden shall thy requiem be,
And the white coral thou didst love to mix
Among thy pencill'd shells, shall lightly rear
A canopy above thee. Amber drops
Shall gem thy clustering tresses, and thy ear
No more the echoes of the wavering main
Appall'd shall hear. Thy God shall guard thy rest.

L. H. S.

Hartford.

FREDERICK ORMSBY.

Mr. Ormsby, a gentleman residing in the city of New-York, took his family to West Point, to spend a week of unusually warm weather at the close of spring, and to see his nephew Gustavus, who had been a cadet at the Military Academy for near three years, and who was a boy of a very different disposition from Frederick Ormsby, being spirited, manly, and of a most amiable temper. Frederick, whose age was almost thirteen, was not entirely devoid of good qualities; but he was idle, rude, mischievous, and took the greatest delight in frightening and tormenting every one about him, particularly his sister Madeline.

Gustavus, having obtained permission to visit his uncle and aunt at the hotel, devoted all his leisure time to them; and being one of the cadets that act as assistant professors, and are therefore exempt from military duty, it was in his power to accompany them on all their walks, and to show them every thing on West Point worthy the attention of visiters. These walks would have been delightful, had not Frederick caused much annoyance by his

vexatious tricks, and (to use his own expression) by planning frights for his mother and sister. Reproof affected him only for a few minutes, and even during their short voyage in the steam-boat from New York, his father more than once regretted that Frederick had not been left at home.

Their first walk was to Washington's Valley, so called from having been the head-quarters of the illustrious commander-in-chief. On their way thither they visited the German Flats, once the encamping place of a great number of Hessian deserters, who came over to the American army while it lay at West Point. These fields, formerly a desert of stones and weeds, are now in high cultivation; and at their farthest extremity, where the wooded heights run out into the river, is the cemetery, shaded with old cedars, and ornamented with an elegant monument of white marble, round which are buried the few cadets that die here.

The walk from the German Flats to Washington's Valley, is delightfully cool and shady, being cut through the forest. The trees meet across the road, while their tangled roots project in the most fantastic forms from the banks on each side, and between their branches are seen at intervals the waters of the Hudson glittering far below.

The house, for ever memorable as the temporary residence of Washington, is a mere cottage; but under its low roof heroes once met, and plans were

discussed, whose results we are now enjoying. It is surrounded by locust-trees, at this season resplendent with their conic clusters of beautiful white blossoms; and a clear brook murmurs through the garden, seeking its way to the river, whose waves roll gently in, washing the smooth grey sand that lies in front of the valley. Immediately behind this classic spot, ascends the mountain called the Crow's Nest, the longest and highest of the chain, that, extending along both shores of the Hudson, appears to inclose it on every side, giving it at West Point, the form of a lake from which there seems to be no outlet. On the opposite, or northern shore, rise the wild and barren mountains of Fish-kill, far beyond which lie the fertile plains of Connecticut. Looking up the river, the view is terminated by the town of Newburgh, at ten miles distance, with Polipel's Island in front, and a fine range of country behind; the Chemungo mountains (a branch of the Catskills) closing the long perspective, their vast blue forms faintly visible on the remotest verge of the horizon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby, with Gustavus and Madeline, took their seats on one of the numerous fragments of rock that are scattered over the sands at Washington's Valley; and while they were admiring the prospect, Gustavus (who was skilled in revolutionary lore) reminded his uncle and aunt, as they cast their eyes down the river, and looked to-

ward the plain, of the ball given there by the American officers to their French companions in arms, in honour of the birth of the Dauphin. For this purpose, there was erected on the green an arbour of immense length, constructed of laurel-branches brought by the soldiers from the hills. This rustic arcade was illuminated by a multitude of little tin lamps, which have been kept ever since in the public store-house, and which are still used with great pride at the balls given by the cadets. On this occasion, Washington led off the first dance with the lady of General Knox.

Frederick, who had no taste for such conversation, soon rambled away, and amused himself by throwing stones at some ducks that were paddling in a brook at the entrance of the woods, returning now and then to the party at the river side, and soliciting Madeline to join him.

"I am sure," said he, in a low voice, "you will find it much more amusing to ramble about with me than to sit here listening to tales of the old war."

"Indeed," answered Madeline, "I am always glad to hear as many tales of the old war as I possibly can, provided that there is nothing in them shocking or disgusting, and no particulars of the killing; and my father says that no person of good feelings or good manners will ever detail the horrors, the real sickening horrors of a battle, in presence

of females. But I will go with you, if my mother will give me permission."

Mrs. Ormsby's leave was asked and obtained, and Mr. Ormsby cautioned his children to be absent but a short time.

Frederick took his sister toward the woods that stretched down to the water's edge, a little beyond the cottage, and they were soon out of sight.

In a short time, the little party that remained on the sands, were alarmed by a succession of violent shrieks, accompanied by another voice laughing loudly; and looking up the river, they perceived Madeline alone in a little boat, drifting out from behind a projecting point of rock, and evidently in great terror, while Frederick stood on the shore leaning against a tree, and ridiculing her fears. They all ran to her assistance, Gustavus foremost, and Mr. Ormsby supporting the trembling steps of his wife.

Suddenly a steam-boat, on her way down from Albany, came round the stupendous head-land absurdly called Butter Hill, and emerged into sight with thick clouds of smoke issuing from her chimneys, her wheels throwing up volumes of foam, and her prow dashing aside the water with a velocity that seemed irresistible. The shrieks of poor Madeline redoubled when she saw this tremendous machine coming on with a force that apparently nothing could stop, and threatening, in a few minutes,

to overwhelm her little boat, unnoticed and unseen. Frederick was now terrified himself, and he called out to his sister, "Oh! Madeline, what have I done! The steam-boat will run over you. She will be upon you in three minutes."

"No, no," exclaimed Gustavus, "do not be frightened, Madeline. The boat is too far off; there is no danger." "We will get you immediately out of the way," cried her father, "but they will see you from the steam-boat, and avoid passing too near you." "Where is the rope," asked Gustavus, "by which this little boat was fastened?" "Here, here," said Frederick, "round the stump of this old tree. I proposed to Madeline that we should go and sit in the boat which we found at the water's edge. And as soon as I got her in, I thought that just for fun, and to set her to screaming, I would cut the rope with my knife and let her float off. I supposed she would drift down to the place where you were all sitting, and I only meant to frighten her. I knew that somehow she could be got out of the boat."

In the mean time, having lengthened the rope by fastening to it all their pocket handkerchiefs and Mrs. Ormsby's long shawl, Gustavus took one end in his hand, (the other being fast to the tree,) and jumping into the river, swam to the boat, by which means it was immediately hauled into the shore, and in a few moments the affrighted little girl was safe.

in the arms of her parents, mingling her tears with those of her mother.

Mr. Ormsby's indignation was so much excited, that he declared if there was time to reach the wharf before the arrival of the steam-boat, Frederick should be put on board and sent immediately down to New-York. This, however, was impossible, the boat being now close at hand; and as Frederick appeared very penitent, and made fair promises of never again being guilty of similar conduct, his father, at the intercession of Gustavus and Madeline, consented to pardon him, and for the remainder of the day he behaved perfectly well.

On the following afternoon, they set out on a walk in another direction, and Frederick, who had been very good all the morning, was allowed to accompany them.

They went first to the Moss House, constructed, at his leisure hours, by the French cook at the hotel, and entirely the work of his own hands. He had opened a path through the thick woods, (hitherto in this place an impassable wilderness,) and carried it down the declivity of a craggy hill that descends to the river. This path, though narrow, steep, and winding, was neither rugged nor dangerous, and the trees interlacing their branches, formed an impervious shade across it. At its termination was a little garden, surrounded on all sides by a high wall of rough stones piled one on another, the inter-

stices filled up with earth from which various wild plants were growing. This wall was overhung with masses of the forest grape-vine and other woodland shrubbery. The miniature garden was laid out in walks and heart-shaped beds, and planted with flowers, among which were lady-slippers, pinks, and convolvuluses. In one corner stood the moss-house, made of cedar branches, trimmed and cut of even length, filled in between with earth, and covered all over with a thick coat of the rich and beautiful moss that abounds in the woods and on the rocks of West Point. The door was open, and inside was a sort of settee, also of moss, and a little table made of twisted vine branches. In the garden near the house, was another rustic seat, or bench, the back formed of small boughs, curiously interwoven. Innumerable birds had taken up their residence near this charming retreat, and enlivened its dark shades with their brilliant colours. The oriole darted from tree to tree with his splendid plumage of orange and black, the blue-bird fluttered about in azure and purple, the yellow-hammer far surpassed the tints of the brightest canary, and the cedar-bird displayed his beautiful pinions of the richest brown, delicately pencilled at the edges with lines of fine scarlet, while the little humming-bird hovered over the flowers, and looked like a flying gem.

The Ormsby family next visited the monument erected by the cadets in commemoration of the gal-

lant Kosciusko, who crossed the Atlantic to take a part in the American contest for independence, and who afterward so nobly, but unsuccessfully, defended the rights of Poland, his own ill-fated country. The monument is a fluted column of white marble, on a broad pedestal, simply inscribed with the name of Kosciusko. It stands near the ruins of Fort Clinton, on the eastern side of the plain, and on one of the lofty and abrupt heights that overlook the river.

They then descended to Kosciusko's Garden, a picturesque retreat half way down the rocks. Here, while with our army at West Point, the Polish officer had been accustomed to spend a portion of his leisure hours; and he had embellished the wild and rugged spot by planting it with lilacs and rose-bushes. The cadets, with the surplus of the money subscribed by them for the erection of Kosciusko's monument, have facilitated the descent to this romantic and interesting retreat, (which was before almost inaccessible to ladies,) by causing to be made a long flight of stone stairs, firm and convenient, but sufficiently rude to be in unison with the surrounding scenery. These stairs, winding down between the rocks, lead to a beautiful grassy platform, backed by a lofty precipice of granite, which the hand of nature has ornamented with wild flowers that creep along its ledges, and shrubs and saplings that grow out from its crevices. Under a willow

which droops on the level beneath, is a fountain bubbling in a basin of white marble, sculptured with the name of Kosciusko, and surrounded with flowering shrubs similar to those planted by the hero of Poland.

On the northern side of this beautiful spot the rocks are broken into the most picturesque masses, and shaded with forest trees of infinite variety; their foliage at this time displaying the liveliest tints of spring. The wild grape-vine clasped its crooked and wandering branches round the mossy stones, and scented the air with its fragrant blossoms; and the woodland honey-suckle threw around the sweetest odours from its clustered flowers of the most delicate pink. In front a shelf of rock projected over the river, whose clear blue waters glided far below, reflecting in their calm mirror "the headlong mountains and the downward skies." On the opposite shore rose the highlands of Putnam county; and Gustavus explained to his aunt and cousins, that in the year 1779, all the heights nearest the water had been crowned with batteries and covered with tents, the American army being encamped on both sides of the river; and that on the eastern bank, a short distance below West Point, is the house occupied by the traitor Arnold, and from which he made his escape when apprised that Washington was informed of his correspondence with the British general.

Mrs. Ormsby cast her eyes down the precipice that impended over the water, and beautiful as it was, being tufted with shrubs and trees to the very bottom, she turned away her head, and said it made her dizzy to look at it. They then sat down on one of the benches, and Mrs. Ormsby spoke of the strange and unaccountable fancy, said to be felt by some people, who, whenever they venture to the verge of a height, imagine that they feel an irresistible desire to jump down. "Mother," said Frederick, advancing to the edge of the rock, "I feel that desire at this moment. I shall certainly jump in an instant. I shall be down directly."

Mrs. Ormsby turned pale, and desired Frederick immediately to come away from the precipice. "My dear," said Mr. Ormsby, "do you not see the laugh lurking in Frederick's eye? He only intends to frighten us. Can you suppose he has really any idea of leaping from the rock? No, no—though he delights in terrifying others, I am well convinced that he will never do any thing to hurt himself."

Gustavus then told of a soldier's wife, who, a few years since, (being, as was supposed, in a state of temporary derangement,) wandered in the night to these rocks, and falling over the precipice, her mangled body was discovered next morning, lying almost in the river.

Our little party then returned to the fountain, and Gustavus being provided with a leather drinking-

cup, they all tasted the water. They stood there conversing for a considerable time; and when they turned to go away, they found that Frederick was not with them. They looked all round, but he was not to be seen; and when they called him, there was no answer. "Where can he be?" exclaimed Mrs. Ormsby, in much alarm. "I fear he has really fallen down the rocks. You heard him say that he felt that unaccountable inclination we were talking of." "But," said Mr. Ormsby, "I did not believe him, and neither should you. We know Frederick too well."

His father and Gustavus called Frederick loudly, but no answer was returned, except by the mountain echoes. The terror of his mother and sister was extreme. "Frederick!" exclaimed Mr. Ormsby, "Frederick—you surely hear us,—reply immediately." "Oh! Frederick," cried the mother, "if you really hear us, answer at once—put an end to our fears—how can you keep us in such agony?" There was still no reply. "Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Ormsby, "if Frederick yet lives, can he allow me to remain in this dreadful state of fear and suspense? Frederick, Frederick—this moment answer your mother!"

Mr. Ormsby's persuasion of Frederick's safety now began to give way to alarm, and Madeline trembled and cried. Mrs. Ormsby sunk, nearly fainting, on the bench; and while her husband

brought water from the fountain and endeavoured to revive her, Gustavus, who knew every recess of the rocks, explored them in search of Frederick. He shortly returned, and said in a low voice, "Compose yourself, dear aunt, I have just had a glimpse of Frederick. He is safe, and not near the precipice. He has concealed himself in a sort of cavity in yon rock near the stairs, though the space is so small that I wonder how he got into it. He must have coiled himself up with some difficulty." "Do not let us go thither to seek him," whispered Mr. Ormsby. "He shall not have the gratification of jumping up and laughing at us." Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline, finding that Frederick was really safe, endeavoured to calm their agitation; and Mr. Ormsby and Gustavus began to talk of other things.

After sitting a few minutes longer, "Come," said Mr. Ormsby, in a loud voice, "we will now return; and as Frederick's concealment will not produce so great an effect as he supposes, he may sneak out of his hole and follow us at his leisure."

They left the bench, and were ascending the lower flight of stone steps, when a violent scream startled them all, and it was repeated with sounds of the most terrible agony. "Those screams are close by," exclaimed Madeline. "They come from the place in which Frederick is hidden," said Gustavus. "Another of his foolish jokes," said Mr.

Ormsby. "Oh! no, no," cried Mrs. Ormsby, "those are the screams of real suffering."

Gustavus and Mr. Ormsby then sprung to the cavity in the rocks, and saw Frederick on the ground, wedged into a most uncomfortable posture, and sprawling out his hands with a gesture of the greatest terror, exclaiming, "Oh! take it off—take it out—take it away!" "Take what?" asked his father. "Oh! the snake—the snake!" cried Frederick. "It is crawling down my back—it *must* have a nest in this hole." Gustavus had by this time got his hand down Frederick's back, and was feeling for the snake. At last he drew out a small lizard, and held it up, to the great relief of Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline, whose terror had been nearly equal to Frederick's.

"Let me see it," said Frederick. "Is it really a lizard? How cold and slippery it felt, and how disagreeably it crawled down my back." "And you had not courage," observed his father, "to put your hand over your shoulder, and take it out, but you lay there screaming like a baby." "I was afraid it would bite my hand," said Frederick. "And would you rather it had bitten your back?" asked Mr. Ormsby.

"It must have fallen upon you accidentally from the rock above," remarked Gustavus, "and slipped down your back without intending it, for these ani-

mals are too timid to crawl voluntarily, and in daytime, over a human being."

"I suppose," said Frederick, "I shall be told that this is a just punishment for frightening my sister yesterday morning, when I set her adrift in the boat."

"Most assuredly," replied Mr. Ormsby; "and you have given us another proof that those who find the greatest pleasure in terrifying others, are, in general, very easily terrified themselves. To take delight in giving pain, is cruelty; and courage and cruelty are rarely found in the same person. However, we will not have our excursion to West Point spoiled by any more of your mischievous and unfeeling tricks; therefore I shall send you down to the city in the first steam-boat that comes along this evening, and to-morrow morning you may go to school again."

Frederick was much mortified at the punishment in prospect, and earnestly besought his father to allow him to remain; but Mr. Ormsby said to him, "The pain you feel at being sent home, is nothing to that you caused your mother and sister when you tried to make them suppose you had fallen down the precipice."

"But I will do these things no more," said Frederick. "So you said yesterday," replied Mr. Ormsby, "after cutting the boat adrift with your sister in it."

"Dear father," said Madeline, "did he not suffer sufficiently for that, when he believed that a snake was crawling down his back? Pray let him have no more punishment on that account."

Mrs. Ormsby, who was the fondest of mothers, now interceded for Frederick, and her husband at last yielded to her entreaties, and allowed him to remain, on condition of the best possible behaviour during the remainder of their stay at West Point.

After stopping on the plain to see the evening parade of the cadets, and to hear the band, the Ormsbys returned to the hotel and took tea. The night being perfectly clear and dry, and the moon at the full, Gustavus proposed to them a visit by moonlight to the ruins of Fort Putnam.

Ascending the steep and rocky path that leads up the side of the mountain, amid the deep shade of the woods, that resounded with the croak of the tree-frog, and the rapid and singular cry of the night-hawk—they emerged into an opening where the moon shone brightly down, and arrived at the entrance of the fort—whose ruins are scattered over a large space of ground, now covered with grass and wild flowers. They looked into the arched and gloomy cells which once served as quarters for the garrison, or receptacles for military stores; and ascending the eastern rampart by a few narrow steps of loose and tottering stone, they looked down upon the whole extent of the plain lying far below

them, with its gardens and houses, on whose windows the moonbeams glittered; its extreme point terminating in a ledge of naked rocks, running far out into the river. They saw a steam-boat coming down, all cast into shade, except the sheets of flame that issued from her chimneys, and her three lanterns sparkling far apart, their brilliant lights reflected on the water; after turning the point her form was distinctly defined, as she crossed the broad line of moonlight that danced and glittered on the silent river.

Gustavus then conducted his friends to the western side, where the shattered walls of the old fort run along the utmost verge of a perpendicular mass of rock of a stupendous height. Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline shuddered as they looked over the broken parapet into the abyss beneath, the bottom of which is strewed with stones fallen from the lonely ruins; and Mrs. Ormsby kept Frederick carefully beside her, and held him tightly by the hand.

Just then the sound of the fifes, and the drums beating tattoo, ascended from the plain, and our party returned to the other side of the fort, that they might hear it more distinctly. Every note was repeated by the echoes, and the effect was that of another set of musicians playing immediately beneath the mountain. It being now half past nine o'clock, they turned their steps downward; and after proceeding a little distance they missed Frede-

rick. "Another of his tricks," said Mr. Ormsby, "this time we will take no notice."

As they proceeded they heard the most dismal groans. "Frederick again," said Mr. Ormsby. "Incorrigible boy! let us, however, walk on; when he finds that he has failed to frighten us, we shall soon see him running down the mountain. Twice in one day is rather too often to make us believe that he has fallen down the rocks. I wonder he cannot think of something new. To-morrow, he shall certainly be sent home."

They walked on till they reached the foot of the mountain; Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline again feeling very apprehensive as to Frederick's safety—though Mr. Ormsby said he had no doubt he would soon overtake them, or that perhaps he would strike into another road, and be at the hotel as soon as they were.

This, however, did not happen; and after a while, finding that Frederick did not appear, his father became really uneasy, and Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline were exceedingly alarmed. Gustavus had taken a hasty leave, and left them when they reached the plain—being obliged, according to rule, to return to his room in the barracks before ten o'clock.

Two officers who were at the hotel, volunteered to assist Mr. Ormsby in searching for his son; and they went back to Fort Putnam, where, as they

approached the entrance of the ruins, the groans again were heard. Guided by the sound, they approached the east side of the parapet; and looking over, perceived something moving among the branches of a cedar that grew half way down. "Frederick!" called Mr. Ormsby. This time he was immediately answered. "Here, here," cried Frederick, "I did really fall down this time, without intending to frighten any body."

They went to him, and found that the cedar tree had saved his life by catching him among its branches and holding him there; but that in the fall he had severely strained his shoulder. The pain, added to his fright, and to his total want of presence of mind, had prevented him from trying to get out of the tree; and he could do nothing but lie there and groan, being really very much hurt.

He was extricated and put on his feet again, and the two gentlemen assisted Mr. Ormsby in conveying him down the mountain. "Now," said his father, "had you not been so much in the habit of raising false alarms, we should have stopped at once when we heard your groans, and had gone in search of you; and you would not have been obliged to remain so long in the tree, and to have suffered so much before you could be relieved." "Oh!" said Frederick in a piteous voice, "I feared I should have been obliged to lie there all night, and perhaps die before any one came near me. However, it is

fortunate I did not fall down on the side where the precipice is, for I should certainly have been dashed to pieces among the stones at the bottom."

When Frederick was brought to the hotel, his mother and sister were much shocked on finding him in such a condition. His shoulder was so swelled that the sleeve of his coat had to be cut open, as it was impossible for him to draw his arm out of it. He suffered great pain, and it was a week before he was well enough to be taken home; during which time he made many resolutions of amendment.

In conclusion, we have the satisfaction of saying, that this last lesson was not lost on Frederick Ormsby; and that he ceased to derive amusement from exciting pain and terror in others.

ELIZA LESLIE.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



Engraved by J.B. Neagle.

THE CLEAN FACE;

OR,

THE BOY WASHED BY HIS ELDER SISTER.

Oh! why must my face be wash'd so clean,
 And scrubb'd and drench'd for Sunday,
When you know very well (as you 've always seen)
 'Twill be dirty again on Monday?

My hair is stiff with the lathery soap
 That behind my ears is dripping;
And my smarting eyes I 'm afraid to ope;
 And my lip the suds is sipping.

They 're down my throat, and up my nose—
 And to choke me you seem to be trying.
That I 'll shut my mouth you need n't suppose,
 For how can I keep from crying?

And you rub as hard as ever you can—
 And your hands are hard—to my sorrow;
No woman shall wash me when I 'm a man—
 And I wish I was one to-morrow.

E. Leslie.

THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The following extraordinary story is declared by the authoress, Mademoiselle Vanhove, to be strictly true in its leading incidents.

MADAME DORIVAL was the widow of a distinguished French officer, who had died in the service of his country. Finding it difficult, without the closest economy, to support her family genteelly on the pension allowed her by government, and being anxious to secure an independence for her children in case of her death, she was induced to open a boarding-school in the vicinity of Paris. The assistance of her two highly accomplished daughters, Lucilla and Julia, made the employment of female teachers unnecessary; but she engaged the best masters for music, dancing, drawing and painting, and the fashionable foreign languages. Her establishment was conducted on a most liberal scale, and each of the twenty young ladies who became her pupils had a separate apartment.

Among these young ladies, was Josephine Vericour, who took lessons in miniature painting, with the view of exercising that branch of the art as a

profession; the circumstances of her family being such that it was necessary to educate her, in the prospect of turning her talents to a profitable account.

Her imagination being deeply impressed with this object, she thought of it nearly all day, and dreamed of it at night. That she had much natural talent for drawing, was unquestionable; but she was only fifteen, she was not a prodigy, and in every thing she had as yet produced was to be found a due portion of errors and defects. With an ardent ambition to excel, Josephine was the victim of a painful and unconquerable timidity, and an entire want of confidence in herself. She had attempted likenesses of all her school-mates, one after another, and was disheartened and discouraged because none of them were perfect, and was overwhelmed with mortification when she heard them criticised. The remarks of the gentleman who instructed her, though very judicious, were often so severe, that she was frequently almost tempted to throw away her pencil in despair, and she never painted worse than when under the eye of her master.

One morning in the garden, she was struck with the graceful and picturesque attitude in which two of her companions had unconsciously thrown themselves. One of them, having put her arm round the waist of the other, was pointing out to her notice a beautiful butterfly that had just settled on a rose. Josephine begged of the girls to remain in

that position while she sketched them on the blank leaf of a book. Afterward she made a separate drawing of each of their faces, and then transferred the whole to a large sheet of ivory, intending to make a picture of it in the miniature style. But she determined to work at it in her own chamber, at leisure hours, and not to allow it to be seen till it was entirely finished. In six weeks there was to be a private examination, at which premiums were to be awarded to those who excelled in the different branches taught at Madame Dorival's school. Seven of the young ladies were taking lessons in miniature-painting, all of whom, in the eyes of the diffident Josephine, possessed far more talent than herself. Still, she knew that industry, application, and an ardent desire to succeed, had often effected wonders; and she was extremely anxious to gratify her parents by obtaining the prize, if possible.

In the retirement of her own room she painted with unremitting solicitude, but, as *she* thought, with very indifferent success; and one afternoon, more dissatisfied than usual with the result of her work, she hastily took the ivory from her little easel, and put it into the drawer of her colour-box, which she consigned to its usual place in the drawer of her table.

Next morning, what was the surprise of Josephine, to find her picture standing against the easel on the

table, and much farther advanced than when she had quitted it the preceding evening, and the faults which had then discouraged her, entirely rectified. She tried to recollect if she had really put away the picture, and her memory recalled every circumstance of her shutting it up in the drawer. But she had no recollection of having previously corrected any of the errors; indeed, she knew that she had not, and the only way in which she could attempt to solve the mystery, was to suppose that some one, with the intention of exciting a laugh at her expense, had come into her room during the night, taken out the picture, and re-touched it.

She mentioned it to no one; but the next night, to guard against a recurrence of the same trick, she arranged every thing in the neatest order, locked up her picture in the secret drawer at the bottom of her colour-box, and placed it under her bolster.

But her astonishment was redoubled, when awaking at an early hour the next morning, she put her hand under the bolster to feel for her box and found it gone! She ran to the table, and saw there the colour-box lying beside the picture, which, as before, was leaning against the easel, and evidently much improved. She thought that it now began to look beautifully, and she could not withdraw her delighted eyes from contemplating it.

Still she felt persuaded that it was all a trick, for which she should pay dearly when an explana-

tion took place. She was afraid to touch it again, lest her own inferior pencil should destroy some of its beauties; though at the same time she remarked a few trifling defects, which she had not been conscious of, when painting at it the day before. But rather than run the risk of spoiling the whole, she preferred leaving these little imperfections as they were. Sometimes she thought of showing it to her governess and to her master; but the time of the examination approached, and the temptation of keeping the secret was very great.

However, she could not resolve to paint at the picture that day herself. Before she went to bed, she took the precaution of placing a chair against her door, which had the bolt on the outside only, the young laides not being permitted to fasten themselves up in their rooms.

She lay awake for a long time listening, but heard not the slightest sound, and after a while she fell into a profound sleep. When she awoke in the morning, the door was still closed, and the chair standing just as she had placed it; the picture was again on the easel; some mysterious hand had again been engaged on it, and all the faults had disappeared, or been altered into beauties.

Josephine stood motionless with amazment. When her bewildered thoughts settled themselves into a distinct form, regret was her predominant feeling. "What shall I do?" said she to herself.

"I fear this mystery, if I allow it to go on, will end in something very vexatious; and yet it may be only from motives of kindness that some unknown person steals into my room at night, and works at my picture with a skill far surpassing my own. Since I did not mention it at first, were I now to relate this strange story, I should lose my character for veracity, as no one, I am sure, would believe me."

She painted no more at the picture, but put it away as usual. That night she placed her washing-stand against the door, laying her soap on the edge, so that if moved, it would fall, and having gone to bed very sleepy, she soon closed her eyes in her usual deep slumber. In the morning, the washing-stand was still against the door, the soap had not fallen, the picture was once more on the easel, and—it was finished!

At the breakfast-table she stole inquring glances at the countenances of her school-mates, but none of them looked particularly at *her*, and none of them averted their eyes from her gaze. All seemed to think only of the examination.

When she returned to her room, she drest herself for the occasion, and wrapping her picture in her pocket-handkerchief, she joined her companions, who walked in procession to the principal school-room, according to their rank in the class. All the instructers were assembled. After being ex-

amined in several other branches, the drawings and miniature paintings were produced. When it came to the turn of Josephine, she blushed as she presented her beautiful picture.

Every one was astonished; it was so far superior to any thing she had done before, particularly the finishing. The young ladies from whom she had sketched the figures, being present, every one was struck with the fidelity of the likenesses, painted, as they were, chiefly from memory; and great praise was given, not only to the grace of the attitudes, but to the easy and natural folds of the drapery, and the clearness and beauty of the colouring. There was also the novelty of two figures on the same ivory.

The superiority of this little picture was so manifest, that there was no hesitation in awarding the first prize, which was a small silver palette, to Josephine Vericour. But to the surprise of every one, Josephine showed no indication of joy at this signal triumph. She looked round on all her companions, seeking to discover the one who had painted the best part of her picture for her in the night while she slept. She fixed her eyes steadfastly on Julia, the youngest daughter of Madame Dorival, who possessed in a high degree the charming talent of miniature painting.

Josephine, who had heard Julia commending her picture, said to her, "Miss Julia, you may well ad-

mire your own work. I have not merited the prize, and I will not accept of praises which belong only to you, to your skill in miniature painting, and to the kindness of your heart."

Julia protested that this language was unintelligible to her, and begged Josephine to explain herself. She did so, and the enigma seemed still more incomprehensible. Julia positively denied ever having seen the picture before Josephine produced it at the examination. In vain did Josephine detail all the circumstances of its mysterious progress. Her statement could not be reconciled to the rules of possibility, and they began to think that her mind was affected by intense application to her picture. The prize, however, was decreed to her, in spite of her reluctance to accept it; and when the examination was over, the young ladies got together in groups, and talked with much feeling of the symptoms of mental derangement which had manifested themselves in the unfortunate Josephine.

For a few weeks after the examination, Josephine allowed her paint-box to remain with those of her companions in one of the school-room closets, and painted only under the direction of her master, and during the time of her regular lessons; but though there were marks of daily improvement, the miniatures she now attempted were inferior to the mysterious picture.

Being anxious to try again how she could suc-

ceed in the solitude of her own apartment, she there commenced a miniature of herself, which, if successful, she intended as a present to her mother. By the assistance of the large looking-glass that hung over the table, she sketched the outline of her features with great correctness, and after she had put in the dead colouring, (as the first tints are called,) she put away her work for that day, and went to Julia, whom she told of the new picture that she had just begun, and of her anxiety to know whether her nocturnal visiter would again assist her in completing it.

"Dear Miss Julia," said poor Josephine, "let me entreat you to have compassion and tell me the whole truth. If you have any private reasons for not wishing it to be generally known, I solemnly promise to disclose it to no one. Tell me how you always contrived to enter my chamber in the night without disturbing my sleep, and how you have been able to paint so well by candlelight?"

"Miss Vericour," said Julia, "you surprise me extremely by seeming to persist in the strange belief that I am the unknown person who painted in secret on your picture. This mystery must be solved; and if you find it so difficult to believe my word, you must assist me in discovering the truth. Place nothing to-night against your door; do not even latch it. Put away your painting apparatus as usual, and go to bed, and to sleep if you can.

I have thought of a way of detecting the intruder, who, I suppose, must of course be one of the young ladies. When she is discovered, she shall be reprimanded, and made to give up her part in this strange drama, so that your perplexity will be at an end.

Josephine acquiesced with joy, and minutely followed the directions of Julia. All the young ladies went to bed at nine o'clock, but on this night it was long after ten before Josephine could compose herself to sleep. When every one in the house had gone to bed and all was quiet, Julia Dorival placed a taper in a small dark lantern, and proceeded with it to the passage into which Josephine's chamber opened. There, seating herself on a chair outside of the door, she remained patiently watching for more than an hour. No one appeared; the clock struck twelve, and Julia began to grow tired. She was almost on the point of giving up the adventure, when her ear was attracted by a slight noise in Josephine's room.

Julia softly pushed open the door, and by the light of her lantern, she saw Josephine dress herself in her morning-gown, walk directly to her table, arrange her painting materials, select her colours, seat herself before the glass, and begin to paint at her own miniature. But what was most astonishing, she worked without any light, which Julia did not at first remark, having her own lantern beside her

in the passage. She entered the chamber as softly as possible, and placing herself behind Josephine's chair, she looked at her as she painted, and was astonished at the ease and skill with which she guided her pencil, asleep and in darkness.

Julia Dorival was twenty years old, and with a large fund of general information, she was not, of course, ignorant of the extraordinary phenomenon of somnambulism, and of the most remarkable and best authenticated anecdotes of sleep-walkers. But among all that she had heard and read on the subject, she recollected none more surprising than the case now before her. She knew, also, that persons under the influence of this singular habit should never be suddenly awakened, as the shock and surprise have been known to cause in them convulsions or delirium. She therefore carefully avoided disturbing Josephine, and gliding quietly out of the room, she looked at her for some time from the passage, and then gently closing the door, she left her to herself and retired to her own apartment.

Next morning, Julia excited great surprise in her mother and sister, by informing them of what she had seen. They agreed to witness together that night this interesting spectacle, and of course, not to mention a word on the subject to Josephine, who, when she innocently inquired of Julia the result of her watching, was answered that she should know all to-morrow.

They were much affected at the idea that this young girl's earnest and praise-worthy desire to excel in the art which was to be her future profession, should have so wrought upon her mind, even in the hours of repose, as almost to achieve a miracle, and to enable her to prosecute employment with more ardour, and even with more success, in darkness and in sleep, than in the light of day, and with all her faculties awake.

At midnight, the three ladies repaired with their lantern to the chamber door of Josephine. The sleep-walker was putting on her gown. They saw her seat herself at the table and begin to paint. They approached close behind her without the smallest noise, venturing to bring into the room their lantern; of its dim light, Josephine was entirely unconscious. They saw her mix her colours with great judgment, and lay on the touches of her pencil with the utmost delicacy and precision. Her eyes were open, but she saw not with them; though she frequently raised her head as if looking in the glass.

Somnambulists see nothing but the object on which their attention is decidedly fixed; yet their perceptions of this object are ascertained to be much clearer and more vivid than when awake. If addressed, they will generally answer coherently, and as if they understood and heard; and it is possible to hold a very rational dialogue with a sleep-walker. But when awake, they have no recollection of any

thing that has passed during the time of somnambulism.

Julia ventured to speak to Josephine in a low voice. "Well," said she, "my dear Josephine, you know now who it is that paints in the night at your pictures. You know that it is yourself. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Does my presence disturb you?"

"No, Miss Julia."

"But to-morrow, Josephine, you will not believe what I shall tell you."

"Then it will be because I do not remember it."

"Will you write on this piece of paper something that I wish to dictate to you?"

"Most willingly."

Josephine then took up a lead pencil, and wrote these words as Julia prompted her:—

"Midnight.—Talking with Miss Julia Dorival, and painting at a miniature of myself."

JOSEPHINE VERICOUR."

Julia took the paper, and prepared to retire, cautioning the young artist not to fatigue herself by painting too long.

"Do not fear," replied Josephine, "I always return to bed as soon as I begin to feel weary."

The three ladies left the room on tip-toe, as they had entered it, their minds wholly engrossed with admiration at the phenomenon they had just wit-

nessed. Next morning, Julia had some trouble in convincing Josephine of the fact, but the certificate in her own writing was an undeniable evidence. As there is something strange and awful, and frequently dangerous, in the habit of somnambulism, no one wishes to possess it; and Josephine was anxious to get rid of it as soon as possible, even though it enabled her to paint better than when awake.

She would not trust her painting apparatus in her chamber at night, and she dismissed all thought of her miniature from her mind as soon as she went to bed; and was consequently enabled to rest there till morning as tranquilly as any of her school-mates, all of whom were much amazed when they heard the singular explanation of the Mysterious Picture.

This explanation once given, Madame Dorival prohibited its becoming a subject of conversation. Josephine made vigorous efforts to conquer her timidity in presence of her master, and in a short time she was able to paint as well under his inspection as she had done when alone and asleep in the gloom of midnight.

ELIZA LESLIE.

EAGLE OF THE WEST.

"It is the spot I came to seek,
My father's ancient burial place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

"This bank, in which the dead ware laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of buds and flowers;
And the gay chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

"But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest,
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown,
Of his large arm the mouldering bone."—BRYANT.

You have read, said General Lawrence to his children, of the numerous ancient forts and mounds found in different parts of the now populous state of Ohio. Some incidents which I shall relate, have rendered most of them, to me, subjects of great interest.

I was subordinate to General Rufus Putnam when he gave directions for the first settlement of

Marietta, by a colony from New-England, in 1788. Ohio, you know, at that time was called a district, including the present territories of Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana, and owned by the general government —Virginia having ceded it, seven years before, to the United States, reserving only some tracts of land as military bounties for such officers and soldiers as had been distinguished in the reduction of the British forts on the Ohio river.

The Chippewas, Miamis, Wyandots,* and other native tribes, looked, as they well might, with jealous eyes on the annual encroachments of the whites upon their hunting-grounds. It is true that they reluctantly receded as we advanced, but it was under the stern law of necessity, not a free-will abdication. I cannot, and do not, pretend to excuse the selfish rapacity with which many of our ancestors, throughout the whole country, seized on the soil of the aborigines;† that is an account which it is not our business to settle, though we cannot read the true page of our history without a crimsoning blush of shame.

I remember an act of cold-blooded wickedness, perpetrated by our people in Ohio about this period,

* Grimshaw's History, p. 213.

† Those who think the relations of such facts (for they are many) exaggerated, are referred to the 1st and 2d volumes of American Annals, and Belknap's Biography, where they will find ample proof of their truth. Other authentic works might be cited, but these are all-sufficient.

which I never could either palliate or forgive. There was a small encampment of the Wyandots a few miles from where some of our emigrants had settled. They were soon apprised of the neighbourhood of the new residents, and came over to view their works, sometimes three, four, or more, together.

For some time all things went on well;—and I have thought, with the excellent Heckewelder,* that they need never have done otherwise, had the whites been just and true to their duty. "They are remarkable," says he, "for their *domestic* and *social* virtues, and know how to *practise* that precept which we so well teach in *theory*, viz. '*To love their neighbour as themselves.*'"

"The Indians," says one of our early and most respectable historians, "on their first acquaintance with the whites, proved themselves kind, generous, and hospitable, so long as they were treated with justice and humanity. But so they were not long, and the consequences are well known to all. In the particular case of the Wyandots I was unfortunately witness—first to the imprudence, and then to the wickedness of my countrymen."

Evident symptoms of dissatisfaction appeared whenever they afterward met. Our company began seriously to fear an attack, (no wonder, they had given provocation,) and accordingly laid a plan for

* See Heckewelder's Account of the North American Indians.

cutting off the Indians at once, instead of attempting a reconciliation, though I own the latter would not have been easily effected. The great fault of the Indian is his thirst for *revenge*, which, when injured, he will always seek.

The purpose of the whites was carried into effect one night, after they had freely supplied the unfortunate Wyandots with rum. All fell of this portion of the tribe, save two or three children, who were saved by one of the party, more humane than his companions, and an Indian youth, of about fifteen years of age, called Tecumsoit, and also often known by the proud appellation of "the Eagle of the West," for thus early did he discover traits of remarkable strength and courage. He fought boldly and long, when his people were sacrificed almost unresistingly around him, and fled only when so wounded that he could do no more. He fled—but in the hope of returning in power, and making perfect his dreadful vengeance. His purpose was frustrated but by the constant watchfulness of the military force which we were compelled to station wherever there were any white settlements.

Near Marietta, as I have told you, are remains of ancient fortifications and mounds, in which the Indians deposited their dead.

Many such mounds, in different parts of the country, were laid open by these Indians as the

whites advanced; and the bones of their ancestors, wrapt in skins, were carried with them as they retired farther into the vast forests of the west, where these remains were sacredly preserved, and guarded with holy care. Some, however, were left untouched.

I have often examined these very singular sepulchral monuments, both in the vicinity of Marietta, and those at Circleville, and I own that I have never seen one of them demolished without pain.

There was one, near the broken up settlement of the Wyandots, which offered peculiar interest; it appeared to have been raised with greater care than the others, and was evidently of more ancient origin. This pyramid was in the midst of a grove of noble forest trees, and brought to mind the solemn Druidical times of England. When we first discovered it, it was at an hour when the young Indian girls were performing round it some religious rites; fruits of the forest, skins, and flowers, were deposited in profusion on the pyramidal summit; and the wild notes of their songs echoed through the grove, giving back those peculiar strains, softened, but not lost. I often resorted thither, and when I was summoned to New-York, that was the last spot which I visited.

I did not return to that part of the country, continued General Lawrence, for more than ten years,

and then, indeed, could hardly recognise, in the rapid settlement of the new states, those wide forest-tracts which I had left; but I own I felt not all the enthusiasm which filled one of our old historians, when he declares that "the wilderness had been made to blossom as the rose." No, the circumstances of its first settlement were too recent on my memory for that, and I had too strong a sympathy for the outcast Indians. Verily do I believe in that clause of the fourth commandment, as applied to my countrymen, "the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation;"—even now behold its partial fulfilment in the troubles which have sprung up, and are still gaining accumulated power, in the rapid increase of our slave population: "as we have measured, so shall it be measured to us again."

But, as I was telling you, I revisited Ohio. I hardly recognised Marietta as I passed through it to revisit my former station; and the first spot I sought with real interest, was the ancient mound in the giant grove. My search was, at first, utterly vain:—at length I thought I saw some traces of that which had once presented a scene of grandeur and beauty, but I was doubtful long,—for the grand and lofty trees "which spread their arms abroad so that all the birds of the air might have found rest in their branches,"—the trees were not there. No, not one had been spared of that whole sacred grove.

The mound, too, where was it?—the husbandman had passed over it with his ploughshare,—the sower had strown the seed,—and the fields were now ripe for the harvest. I turned away sorrowfully, and my eye suddenly caught the figure of an Indian. The red son of the forest could not be mistaken; he gazed, as I had done, on the place where his ancestors of many generations had been laid with reverent care; his look was proud, sorrowful, and often changing to one of bitter hate. He did not see me, for his mind was absorbed in one deep feeling of lofty desolation, if one may be allowed the use of such a term. I cannot describe his countenance, for it varied with every varying thought; but no one could have contemplated the wild warrior as he stood erect and alone, his keen eye regarding what was, and his thought reverting to what had been—none, I say, could have seen him without a sentiment of respect, almost of homage. How few of the race now retain their original grandeur and lofty character! Civilization seems only to have weakened and degraded the Indian mind; his moral state, at least, is now far more debased than when, with his tribe, he roamed at will through the immense wilds of the American continent.

I approached the solitary chief and spoke, (though I own I felt it an intrusion on his personal feelings;)—he looked on me at first with marked

disdain, but presently his countenance changed; a ray of pleasure lightened his brow,—but soon an expression of the most eloquent grief succeeded; it was evident that he recognized me,—and I, too, knew Tecumsoit,—the Eagle of the West. His words were few and brief, for his hitherto unsubdued spirit was bending beneath the weight of wrong and sorrow, and it seemed as though he could not speak to a white man, the fellow of those who had caused his wigwam to be desolate, and the grove of his fathers polluted by sacrilege. I understood the sentiment, and was silent also.

Presently Tecumsoit advanced, thrusting aside and trampling the waving grain, till he stood at the foot of the mound: then slowly he took, one by one, the articles of his dress, and laid them solemnly on the very summit of the elevation:—first, his collar of eagle's feathers,—then his robe of princely ermine and sable; to these were added his deer-skin coat, painted with the rich juices of the pucoon, and colours derived from plants by a process unknown to any save the Indians themselves; and, lastly, his wampum belt, wrought all over with the richly dyed quills of the porcupine. When these had been thus, one by one, deposited, he wrapt about him the rough skin of a panther, gave one long, long look at the sepulchre of his fathers, and turned silently and abruptly away. The Eagle was soon lost to my view behind a range of hills; he had departed for ever

from the home of his childhood; he had cast off the symbols of his rank, his power, and tribe, and doubtless had gone to end his days of desolation in some far off desert, where, though he could not forget his wrongs, he would at least neither see nor be seen of the white men.

Often have I thought of Tecumsoit, as I first saw him, a young boy, the pride of all the warriors, and the fearless assertor of his rights. I was then his friend; he seemed to confide in my honour, and he never had cause to doubt it. I remember him, too, on the night when I arrived too late to save his family from the death-shot,—fearlessly defending himself and them, when no resource or hope was left. Well do I remember the mingled despair and pride of his retreat; and I remember, too, the last time we met at the mound which held the remains of his ancestors—the last look he gave—and his last shadow on the hills.

Alas, for Tecumsoit!—his glory had departed, his people had passed away, even as the dew beneath the sultry sun; he was left alone of his race, and, like Logan, could exclaim—"Who is there to mourn for Tecumsoit?—*not one!*"

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THE FATHER'S PRIDE.

THERE'S mischief in thine eye, young boy!
Thy lip has a saucy air—
And the winds breathe on thee health and joy,
As they stir thy golden hair.

No sorrow flings its shadow o'er
Thy baby heart and brow!
And never at a palace door
Was prouder imp than thou!

Prythee, don't raise thy little hand,
With such a lordly air!
For pussy laughs at thy command,—
And Carlo does n't care.

Ah! pretty one! thou 'rt very bold,
And pompous in thy stride—
How dost thou know, at four years old,
Thou art a father's pride?

When manhood comes, thou wilt be gay—
But not as now—ah, never!
For now to-morrow seems to-day—
Thyself a boy for ever!

Sweet babe! would I again could be
As innocent as thou—
With heaven's pure ray, so calm and free,
Upon my heart and brow!

THE QUILTING.

"ONLY think, Charlotte," said Marianne Glanvil, on entering the chamber where her sister was endeavouring to get through a warm afternoon in August, by lolling on the bed in a loose gown,—"Susan Davison has just been here with an invitation for us."

Charlotte.—And pray, who is Susan Davison?

Marianne.—The daughter of farmer Davison up the creek. We met her at Trenchard's the day we were obliged to drink tea there.

Charlotte.—I wonder how you can remember their names, or theirselves either: I am sure I do not know one of these people from another, and I never wish to know.

Marianne.—But this Susan Davison is really not so bad. She is diffident enough, to be sure, but is rather less awkward and uncouth than the generality of country girls.

Charlotte.—To me they are all alike; I do not profess to understand the varieties of the species.

Marianne.—Well, I was going to tell you, that after a sitting of half an hour, Susan Davison, as she rose to depart, uttered an invitation to her quilting to-morrow.

Charlotte.—And what is a quilting?

Marianne.—Now, I am sure you must have heard of quiltings. It is an assemblage of all the females in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of quilting, in one afternoon, a whole patch-work bed-cover.

Charlotte.—I shall certainly not go. I never quilted any thing in my life, and I hate the sight of a patch-work bed-cover.

Marianne.—But my father and mother were in the parlour, and promised at once that we should both go.

Charlotte.—How vexatious! Was it not enough, after being educated at the most genteel boarding-school in the city, and accustomed only to polished society, to be brought to live at this remote place, where my father has thought proper to purchase an iron-foundry, but we are required also to be civil to the country people, and interchange visits with them? I almost think my father intends being a candidate for the assembly next election, or he never would take the trouble to make himself agreeable to the farmers and their families.

Marianne.—You know, he thinks it is always desirable to be popular with our neighbours.

Charlotte.—That is what I shall never be, unless my neighbours are popular with me.

Marianne.—Now, for my part, I like very well to astonish them by the elegance of my dress, and

by my various accomplishments. I am going to put my lace sleeves in my new palmyrene frock, purposely to wear at this quilting.

Charlotte.—It is well worth your while to take that trouble, when the worst dress you have is too good for such company. I shall do quite the contrary, to let them see how little I care for them.

Marianne.—Then you will displease my father.

Charlotte.—Is it necessary that he should know it? I am sure my mother will never tell him, and for her own part, she never opposes us in any thing. However, if I must be at this quilting, I shall take care to make the time as short as possible, for I will go late and come away early.

Marianne.—Susan Davison said, she hoped we would be there by two o'clock, which I suppose will be the usual hour of assembling.

Charlotte.—Two o'clock! Go to a party at two o'clock! Why the wild Indians could not be more uncouth on such an occasion!

Marianne.—I doubt whether the wild Indians have any quiltings. But go we must, as my father and mother at once accepted the invitation for us.

Charlotte.—How unlucky that they happened to be present!

The next day, between one and two o'clock, the Miss Glanvils saw numerous young girls ride by on

horseback, on their way to Andrew Davison's, which was about two miles from the iron works. "Now," remarked Marianne, "these poor girls must have hurried to get their dinners over before twelve, that they might have time to be drest and mounted by one o'clock."

"But why," asked Charlotte, "do they all wear striped linen skirts with silk bodies and sleeves?"

"Oh!" replied Marianne, "you surely know that those are their riding-skirts; a sort of petticoat made of thick homespun linen, which they tie on over the skirts of their silk frocks to keep them clean while riding."

"You seem to be well versed in all their ways," said Charlotte, contemptuously.

It was five o'clock, however, before the Miss Glanvils were ready to set out for the quilting, as Charlotte took her usual afternoon's nap, and Marianne occupied two hours in dressing; arraying herself in her straw-coloured palmyrene with lace sleeves, and ornamenting her hair (which was a mass of curls) with a profusion of yellow flowers and gauze ribbon. She put on all her jewels, and sewed her white kid gloves to her lace sleeves, which were confined at the wrists with three bracelets each. She had embroidered silk stockings, and white satin shoes, and threw over her shoulders a splendid scarf of various colours. This dress she had worn at a boarding school ball, shortly before

the family removed into the country. Nothing could be a greater contrast than the appearance of the two sisters as they got into the carriage; for Charlotte persevered in going to the quilting in a pink gingham, her hair merely tucked behind her ears with two side combs.

Their mother slightly disapproved of both their dresses, but as soon as they were gone thought of something else.

In a short time the Miss Glanvils arrived at Andrew Davison's, and found the quilting going on in the vast stone barn, which had been put in order for the purpose. They were conducted to the barn by young Davison, the farmer's eldest son, who had assisted them out of the carriage, and were met at the entrance by Susan, who received them with much respect, as being the two greatest strangers of the party. The guests were all sitting round the quilting frame busily at work. They looked with some surprise at the two sisters so very differently habited, but no remark was made, even in a whisper.

Charlotte declined taking a chair at the frame, saying, she knew nothing about quilting, and seated herself in a most inconvenient place at the head of the quilt, very much in the way of a young girl that could not draw out her arm in consequence of the vicinity of Miss Glanvil, who saw that she incommoded her, but made no offer to move. Marianne, however, advanced to the frame, and dislodging

three or four girls, who rose to make room for her and her immense frock, which was flounced far above her knees, she took out of her reticule an elegant little ivory work box, and laying down beside it a perfumed and embroidered cambric handkerchief, and a tortoise-shell fan, she most pompously set to work with her gloves on. She found this way of quilting very inconvenient, and as her gloves could only be taken off by ripping them from her sleeves, she begged, with an air of the most condescending affability, to be excused from the quilting; and then removed to a seat beside her sister. Charlotte threw herself back in her chair, and putting her feet on the bars of another, sat drumming with her fingers on the quilt and humming a French song.

The other guests, though they all had too much civility to stare as steadily as the Miss Glanvils expected, stole occasional glances of surprise and curiosity at the sisters; one so overdrest and affecting so much condescension, the other insulting them by coming in dishabille, and setting at defiance even the most common rules of politeness.

There sat at the quilt a very pretty young girl, with her dark hair curling on her temples in natural ringlets. She wore a white muslin frock, with a worked cape, and a broad pink ribbon on her neck, which was beautifully white. Her figure was very good, though rather plump than otherwise, and her

cheeks had the bloom of roses. She seemed to be acquainted with all the company, and talked pleasantly and sensibly to every one, without any air of superiority, or any affectation of graciousness. She quilted assiduously and neatly, and assisted with great skill in the various operations of rolling, stretching, and pinning the quilt. The sisters did not distinguish and did not ask her surname, but they heard every one call her Fanny.

Shortly after the arrival of the Miss Glanvils, the two younger daughters of farmer Davison, on a signal from their sister Susan, went to a table which stood in a corner of the barn, and removing a cloth which had been lightly thrown over it, disclosed several large custards and three sorts of fruit pies, peach, plum, and apple. The pastry being already cut up, was very soon transferred to as many plates as there were guests, every plate containing a piece of custard and three slices of pie, one of each sort.

These plates were handed to the company on small waiters, by Jane and Mary Davison, while Susan remained near the quilt and invited her guests to eat; every one being expected to taste all the varieties on their plate. The Glanvils exchanged significant looks.

"Is it puff-paste?" said Charlotte, speaking for the first time, and touching a piece of pie with the point of her knife.

"I believe not," replied Susan, colouring, "none

of our family understand making puff-paste; but I know mother did her best to have this as short and crisp as possible. Please to try some of it."

"I thank you," answered Charlotte coldly, "I am very careful of my teeth, and I am afraid to risk their coming in contact with hard substances."

She commenced on a piece of the plum pie, but pointedly avoided the paste, eating out all the fruit, and conspicuously laying aside the crust. Marianne, however, found the pastry so palatable, that she could scarcely refrain from eating the whole that was on her plate, and she was not surprised to overhear the young girl they called Fanny, praising it to another who sat next to her.

The presence of the Miss Glanvils evidently threw a restraint on the whole company, except Fanny, who, to the great surprise of the sisters, appeared perfectly at her ease all the time, and not in the least awed by their superiority.

"Who can that girl be?" whispered Marianne to Charlotte.

"Some vulgar thing like the rest," answered Charlotte.

"I do not think her vulgar," said Marianne.

"I know no reason for supposing her otherwise," rejoined Charlotte. "You know the proverb, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' See how familiar she is with all of them. She knows every one of their names. She must have been born and brought up

with them. By their talk she has been here since two o'clock."

About sunset the quilt was completed. The chalk-marks, and the clippings of thread, were then carefully brushed off; a dozen scissors were employed in ripping it from the frame, and two dozen hands afterward spread it to the full size, and shook it till the lofty roof of the barn echoed the sound; which sound brought in near twenty young men who had been lingering about the barn-door for the last half hour, none of them having courage to venture within, except Susan Davison's two brothers. They were all clean shaved, and in their best clothes; some even had their hair curled, and the Miss Glanvils now found occasion to whisper and titter at the costume of the country beaux, particularly at their very fine waistcoats.

Soon after, one of the little girls came to announce that supper was ready, which intelligence was repeated by Susan to the Miss Glanvils; and her two brothers now came forward, each with a low bow, and offered their arms to conduct the young ladies to the house, as they had been previously tutored by their sister. The Miss Glanvils, however, took no notice of the offered arms, and the young men, much abashed, walked silently beside them. Fanny, escorted by the old farmer, who had accosted her at the barn-door with great cordiality, joined about midway in the procession, and they all walked to

the house, where supper was set out in the largest room.

The table was of immense size, with at each end a waiter, containing an equipage for tea and coffee; Mrs. Davison presiding at one and Susan at the other. The centre ornament was a roast pig, flanked by dishes of stewed fowls, and the rest of the table was covered with plates of pound cake, gingerbread, short cakes, doughnuts, rusk, preserves, apple-sauce, fried ham, cream-cheese, and sage-cheese; there being always four plates of each particular article, that a share of all the various good things might be within the reach of every one at table. William and Thomas Davison, assisted by several others of the least bashful and most alert of the young men, stood behind the chairs with waiters in their hands, and helped the females; their father being the only man that took a seat at the table.

The Miss Glanvils sat together in solemn state; Marianne carefully employed in defending her finery from the expected inroads of the various things that were handed about in her neighbourhood; but very much inclined to eat heartily of many of the tempting viands that were before her, had she not been checked by the disapproving looks of her sister.

It was with difficulty that Charlotte consented to be helped to any thing, and uniformly after tasting it laid each article on the side of her plate, as

if unfit to eat. After she had taken a sip of tea she drew back with a look of horror, and declaring it to be green tea, and that she would not drink a cup of it for the world, she pushed it away from her as far as possible.

She then requested some black tea, but unluckily there was none in the house; and Mrs. Davison, much disconcerted, apologized in great confusion, saying, that as black tea was not used in the neighbourhood, she did not believe there was any to be had at the store, or she would send and get some. She then asked if Miss Glanvil would take a cup of coffee, but Charlotte replied that though extravagantly fond of coffee in the morning, (always drinking three cups,) she could not possibly touch it at night.

"Did you never drink green tea?" asked the farmer. "Certainly," she replied in a disdainful tone, "I drank it always till black tea became fashionable."

"Then," said the farmer, smiling, "if you have been drinking it all your life till very lately, perhaps you might, if you were to try, make out once more to swallow a cup of it on a pinch, and be none the worse for it."

Charlotte looked much displeased, and sat back in her chair, obstinately determined not to touch the green tea. Of course all the Davison family felt and looked extremely uncomfortable, and they

would have been glad when the Miss Glanvils finally rose from table, which they did shortly after, only that the rest of the company thought it necessary to follow their example, and the feast prepared with so much care and trouble was concluded in half the usual time. The female guests were conducted to an adjoining room, while the supper table was cleared away and then re-set exactly as before for the young men.

Singing being proposed, Fanny was invited "to favour them with a song." She consented at once, and inquired which of her songs they would have. The simple and beautiful Scotch air of the Bonnie Boat was named, and she sung it with a sweet clear voice and excellent taste, though no attempt at ornament. The Miss Glanvils exchanged glances and whispers.

The two young ladies were then respectfully requested to sing. Charlotte refused at once, declaring that it was impossible to sing without an instrument; but Marianne, eager to display her knowledge of fashionable music, complied readily, and gave "Una voce poco fa," with what she considered wonderful execution. As soon as she had finished, Charlotte perceiving that the company, though greatly amazed at first, had become much fatigued by this unseasonable exhibition of Italian singing, and that it had not given the least pleasure to any one, ill-naturedly proposed to her sister

to try "Di piacer," which she also got through, to the great annoyance of the young men who had long before come in from the supper room, and who were certainly not of a class to relish such songs as are unintelligible to all but the initiated.

A black man now appeared with a fiddle, and took his seat in one of the windows; there was a reinforcement of beaux, and the Miss Glanvils found that a dance was to be the next amusement. Marianne remarked, in a group of young men that had just entered the room, one of remarkably genteel appearance and extremely handsome. "Charlotte," said she, "look at that young gentleman in black, talking to Tom Davison."

"I see no *gentleman* in the room," replied Charlotte, "and I do not know Tom Davison from the other clowns."

"Oh! but this, I am certain, is really a gentleman," said Marianne, "I wish he would ask me to dance."

"What!" exclaimed Charlotte, "would you actually join in a dance with these people? Could you stand up with them and give them your hand? And above all things, would you make one in a *country-dance*, for of course they know nothing about cotillions?"

"Yes I would," answered Marianne, "with such a partner as that young gentleman in black.

And then, when they see *my* French steps, how ashamed they will be of their own shuffling and prancing."

Just then, Tom Davison, observing Marianne's eyes fixed with evident approbation on the stranger in black, brought him up and introduced him to her as Captain Selman; and on his requesting the pleasure of dancing with her, she immediately consented with great satisfaction. Tom Davison then, with a low bow and a look of much embarrassment, ventured to make the same request of Charlotte, who refused with an air of such unequivocal contempt, that the youth determined in his own mind to leave her to herself for the remainder of the evening.

The musician made three scrapes on his fiddle as a signal for every one to take their places. "Of course," said Marianne, "we go to the top," and Captain Selman led her to the head of the country dance that was forming, while she lamented to him the sad necessity of being obliged to join in such a dance, saying that she must depend on him to give her some idea of the figure; and adding that he would find her an apt scholar, as she was always considered very quick at learning every thing.

The musician gave a loud stamp with his foot, and then struck up New-Jersey; but observing that Charlotte stopped her ears in horror, Marianne

begged of her partner to go and ask the man if he could not play something less barbarous. The man replied that New-Jersey was the dancing tune he was most used to, but that he could play the Morning Star and Fisher's Hornpipe quite as well. Marianne said that she had heard her mother speak of dancing these things when she was a girl, and therefore she was sure they must be abominable.

At last, after much sending of Captain Selman backwards and forwards, and proposing tunes which she knew the poor fiddler had never even heard of, it was ascertained that he thought he could play "The Campbells are coming," having *catched* it, as he said, the last time he was in town.

Captain Selman undertook to instruct the company in the figure, which he did with great good humour, and they actually learnt it with a quickness that surprised Marianne. She went down the dance exhibiting all her most difficult steps, and affecting a wonderful gracefulness in every motion. However, when she got to the bottom, suspecting that this display had not excited quite as much admiration as she had expected, she professed great fatigue, and threw herself into a chair, declaring she could not dance another step; and knowing that in consequence Captain Selman could do no less than stand by and converse with her till the set was over.

"I do not see Susan Davison dancing," said Marianne, "she has been sitting all the time beside

my sister. She is rather a pretty girl; I wonder none of the young men have taken her out."

"I made my bow to her soon after I came in," replied the Captain, "but she declines dancing this evening, alleging that, being in her own house, she is unwilling to take a place that might be occupied by one of her friends."

"I suppose," said Marianne, abruptly, "your next partner will be the young person they call Fanny, as she is certainly rather well-looking. There she is, about the middle of the dance, with a broad pink ribbon round her neck. Indeed, though my sister is of a contrary opinion, I should be almost inclined to think this Fanny something of a lady, only that she is so sociable with these people. To be sure, I have tried myself to be affable this evening, but I find it such an irksome task that I believe it will be my last attempt. Now it seems quite natural to this said Fanny, which proves, as my sister Charlotte says, that she is in reality no better than the rest. We think she must be the daughter of one of these country store-keepers, and that she has now and then had the benefit of a fortnight's polishing in the city, while her father was buying his spring goods."

Captain Selman smiled, and was going to reply, when Charlotte joined them, saying in a most peevish voice, "Marianne, do you intend staying here all night? If you do, you must stay by yourself. I have just heard our carriage drive up, for I

charged William to come for us early, and I am dying to get away."

Marianne, who would willingly have stayed longer, was about to remonstrate, but finding that the Captain had escaped from her side, she felt less reluctant to go. Charlotte made her exit without ceremony, but Marianne purposely loitered till the dance was over, that she might make her departure the more conspicuous, and produce a great effect by her elegant manner of taking leave. She then walked up to Mrs. Davison, and overwhelming the good woman with curtseyings, bowings, compliments and flourishes, she left the room, accompanied by Susan, to the chamber in which their shawls and calashes had been deposited.

They were put into the carriage by Tom Davison, as his last effort of civility. And it was resolved next day by the family in council, that the Miss Glanvils should on no future occasion be invited; for, as Mrs. Davison remarked, they held their heads quite too high, and their airs were unbearable.

As they drove home, Charlotte, in the most unqualified terms, expressed her disgust at the quilting-party, and every thing connected with it. Marianne acknowledged that the whole concern, as she called it, was very ungenteel, but still not quite so bad as she had expected. She said that in her opinion Captain Selman would be presentable even

in good society, and expressed her surprise at finding an officer at a quilting.

"Pho," said Charlotte, "he is only a militia captain, of course."

"No," replied Marianne, "I am very sure he is no such thing. If he were a militia officer, he would undoubtedly have come to the party in full uniform, booted and spurred, with epaulette, and chapeau and feather, his sword at his side, and his sash spread out over his body as broad as possible, and pinned up in a peak before and behind, as I have heard my mother describe their costume. No, no; this officer is in the regular army, and from something he said, I know he was educated at West Point."

"Well," said Charlotte, "I doubt his being a man of fashion after all. I observed him, after he left you, speaking familiarly to that Fanny as if they were well acquainted. However, he did not seem to ask her to dance, but he paid that compliment to one that sat near the door, a poor bashful-looking girl, the worst dressed and least attractive in the room."

The next day but one was Sunday. The church, which was about three miles off, had been shut up, undergoing repairs ever since Mr. Glanvil had removed to the iron-works, but it was now again opened for worship, and the Glanvil family all repaired thither in their carriage. On this occasion, Char-

lotte was as elegantly drest as her sister; for having satisfied her perverseness by going in *dishabille* to the quilting, she determined now to astonish the congregation by a great display of finery at church.

As they passed up the middle aisle, the eyes of the Miss Glanvils were attracted immediately to a handsome pew near the pulpit; in which pew they saw Captain Selman, accompanied by Fanny, and an elderly gentleman and lady, both of remarkably genteel and dignified appearance. The two sisters, at the same moment, pulled each other's sleeves significantly. They thought the service very long, and as soon as church was over, Marianne asked her father if he knew the occupants of the pew that was lined with blue moreen. He replied, "They are the governor and his family. They have been travelling all summer, and only returned last week. I called yesterday to see them as I passed their house, which is about five miles from ours." "Is it possible," exclaimed Charlotte, "that Fanny can be the governor's daughter!" "Is Captain Selman the governor's son?" cried Marianne.

"No," replied Mr. Glanvil. "The governor's name, you know, is Milford. Captain Selman is the son of Mrs. Milford's first marriage, and Miss Fanny Milford is his half-sister."

At the church-gate the governor's carriage was waiting beside Mr. Glanvil's, and Mr. Milford stopped with his family to introduce them to Mrs.

Glanvil and her daughters. The Miss Glanvils looked much embarrassed. Charlotte was ashamed that Miss Milford should have witnessed her unamiable behaviour at the quilting, and Marianne was shocked at recollecting the freedom with which she had talked to Captain Selman of his step-sister. Their confusion was so evident, that the Captain and Fanny, when introduced to the Miss Glanvils, avoided making any allusion to having met them at farmer Davison's.

But little was said on either side, and the disconcerted sisters were glad to take refuge in the carriage.

On their way home, Charlotte expressed her surprise at the condescension of the governor's family in deigning to be on visiting terms with the farmer's.

"And why not?" said Mr. Glanvil. "Andrew Davison is a good citizen, and a respectable, sensible, and worthy man; and his children, though he has wisely forborne to make any attempt at giving them what is called a fashionable education, are by no means coarse. The old-fashioned plainness of decent country people is not vulgarity; and if they are ignorant of the conventional forms of city society, they generally make amends by having a large share of that natural civility which springs from good feeling; and it is easy in our intercourse with them to avoid imitating such of their habits and expressions as are at variance with our stan-

dard of refinement. As fellow-citizens, their rights are the same as ours, and, like us, they call no man master. Not one of them would bend his knee to any monarch upon earth.

"Governor Milford has lived in this part of the country nearly his whole life, and is, of course, acquainted with all the old settlers, of whom Andrew Davison is one. And he has very judiciously brought up his family in the mutual interchange of civilities with all his respectable neighbours, knowing that nothing is ever lost by cultivating the good opinion of those among whom our lot is cast."

"I suspect, after all," said Charlotte, ill-naturedly, "that the governor's affability, and that of his children, originate in the expectation of securing the votes of farmer Davison and his sons at the next election."

"You are entirely mistaken," replied Mr. Glanvil. "Governor Milford and the Davisons, though old friends, are of opposite parties. They did not vote for him at the last election, and he has declined being a candidate for the next."

Next day, the Glanvils were visited by the governor, with his wife and daughter. Captain Selman did not accompany them, having set out to return to his station. Mr. and Mrs. Glanvil were not at home, but the young ladies overwhelmed the Milford family with civilities; Charlotte, in parti-

cular, was absolutely obsequious in her attentions.

Upon farther acquaintance, they found that Fanny Milford had been educated in the city, and was quite as accomplished as either of themselves, though she had too much good sense to make any unseasonable display. Her example was not lost upon Marianne, who improved greatly by occasional intercourse with this amiable girl. We wish we could say the same of Charlotte; but pride is of all faults one of the most difficult to conquer, as it is seldom found except in persons of weak understanding. Sensible people are never offensively proud.

ELIZA LESLIE.

THE LOG BRIDGE.

MR. LEWISTON had just removed with his family to a plantation, that he had recently purchased in a distant part of the country. His eldest child, Lavinia, was in her sixteenth year, highly accomplished, and of a most amiable disposition. She had an extraordinary talent for drawing, which had been cultivated by lessons from an excellent instructer. She was delighted to find that the vicinity of her father's residence abounded in beautiful scenery, and she promised herself great pleasure in selecting and sketching some of its finest landscapes.

Like many young girls who have always lived in the city, Lavinia Lewiston had an invincible dread of mounting and descending steep hills, or clambering about rocks. Upon these occasions, her terror, which she made no effort to conquer, amounted almost to agony, and destroyed much of the pleasure which she would otherwise have found in exploring the picturesque recesses of the surrounding country.

A few days after their arrival, as Lavinia was walking with her father in the woods, about a mile from the house, and hesitating, every few minutes,

at the difficulties of the rocky and rugged path, her attention was attracted by the loud roaring of falling water. "There must be a cascade in the neighbourhood," said Lavinia. "The falls of the creek are very fine," replied her father, "and I am taking you to see them. The most beautiful part of the stream is that which is embosomed in the forest, and which we cannot see till we are almost on its banks. Yonder is a glimpse of the water, glittering through the trees at the bottom of the ravine."

Mr. Lewiston led his daughter down the bank, and in a few minutes they came to the creek; where Lavinia found the view so strikingly beautiful, that she could not refrain from expressing her delight by loud and frequent exclamations.

Steep and rugged rocks of limestone, broken into a thousand picturesque forms, rose directly from the water's edge, coated with moss of all the various tints of gray and green. Their shelving ledges were feathered with tufts of fern, and shaded by young trees that started out of the crevices; and from their woody summits descended long streamers of the brier-rose, and festoons of the forest-honeysuckle; while, on every projection that was exposed to the sun, grew luxuriant masses of yellow and lilac rock-flowers. On one of these heights stood the blackened ruins of a mill, which had been accidentally burnt many years before; its scorched and broken wheel reclining against the rock. The old trees,

immediately round, had been consumed or blasted by the fire, but the interior of the mill was now overgrown with bushes, and a sumach-tree, with its conical red clusters, peeped out among the calcined rafters.

Near the remains of the burnt mill, a ledge of broken rocks stretched across the creek, and the water falling over them in every direction, foamed, and roared, and sent up a mist of spray. The torrent was crossed by a rude bridge, of a single rough log, of immense length and thickness, thrown from rock to rock, and seeming to tremble at the thunder of the convulsed stream that dashed and whirled beneath it. Below the bridge, the rocks diminished, and assumed a very different aspect; the foam gradually subsiding, till the water became calm and still as a mirror, darkly reflecting the thick woods that grew on each side, whose nearest trees projected so far over the stream that their branches met across.

"There, Lavinia," said Mr. Lewiston, "there is a fine subject for the pencil. But, to see it to advantage, we must go over the bridge, and view the scene from the other side of the creek."

LAVINIA.—Then, dear father, I fear *I never shall see it to advantage.* It will be quite impossible for me to cross that bridge, and live.

MR. LEWISTON.—Why, my dear, almost every person in the neighbourhood crosses it every day.

All that is necessary, even for the most timid, is to walk cautiously, to avoid looking down at the water, and to hold by the hand-rail.

LAVINIA.—But the hand-rail is only a few rough sticks with the bark on, tied together with slips of vine-branches, and it has open spaces that you may fall through in a moment. I am sure the whole railing will shake, the instant you lay your hand on it.

MR. LEWISTON.—Nevertheless, it is sufficiently secure. See, I can cross the log at a quick pace, and without holding at all by the railing—(*He crosses the log and returns immediately.*)

LAVINIA.—Oh! my dear father, you terrified me so that I could not speak. I expected every moment to see you fall.

MR. LEWISTON.—Come, let me lead you across. There is really no danger, and I wish you to see the view from the other side."

It was a long time before Lavinia would yield to her father's persuasions. At last, with fear and trembling, she gave him her hand; and, as soon as she got on the log, she clung to him so closely, that he rather carried than led her.

The view from the other side was indeed beautiful, and Lavinia, in gazing on it, forgot her recent terror. When it was time to go back, however, all her fears returned with renewed force, and no remonstrance could induce her again to set her foot

on this dreadful log, as she called it. At last, her father, pitying her trepidation, took her up in his arms and carried her over.

As they walked home, he tried again to reason her out of her apprehensions, but it was all in vain; she declared that this sort of fear was natural to her, and that she should never be able to subdue it in her whole life.

Mr. Lewiston told her that he had no desire to see her too venturous, like many foolish young girls, who, whenever they are in the country, take a pride in putting themselves in situations of real peril, by way of showing their courage, and professing a superiority to the natural timidity of their sex. But he endeavoured to convince her, that the danger of crossing the log bridge was more in idea than in reality. Still, Lavinia said she felt it impossible ever again to make the attempt.

Her fear of the log bridge was a source of almost daily inconvenience to her. She was visited by several agreeable young girls of the neighbourhood, whose fathers lived on the other side of the creek, and at a walking distance; and she was unable to be intimate with them, because she could only return their visits when it was convenient to have the carriage, on which occasions the crossing-place was at a ford, near a mile lower down, where the water was very shallow. She had not courage to go on horseback. The store also, (an important place to

those who live in the country,) was directly over the creek, and but a few steps beyond the woods that grew near the terrible log bridge.

But still, Lavinia had a great desire to make a drawing of the bridge and of the adjacent scenery, from the other side of the stream, and she knew not how to get there. She supposed it would take her a week to complete her landscape, and she could not ask her father or indeed any of the men-servants, to carry her across every afternoon, and wait there until she had done drawing; much less, to leave her and take the trouble of returning for her in the evening.

Being very desirous, however, of beginning her sketch, she told her parents, one day after dinner, that she would go down to the ford and cross the creek there, and then go up on the other side to the bridge and return the same way. She put her drawing materials into a basket and set off alone, as she always thought she could draw better when no one was with her.

When she came to the ford, she took off her shoes and stockings, and fastened them to the handle of the basket, and pinning up her clothes so that they might not get wet, she tremblingly, and after several times drawing it back, put one foot in the water, and afterward the other, and began to wade through the stream, which, in this place, was not only shallow, but very narrow. But the current was so strong

that she could scarcely resist it, and she felt as if she was lifted off her feet. Her fear increased every moment, and by the time she got into the middle of the creek, all she could do was to stand still and scream, afraid either to go forward or back. An old man, who was fishing for eels a little below, heard her and ran to her assistance; and seeing her in this pitiable predicament, he stepped into the water and insisted on carrying her across on his back; laughing, at the same time, at her being afraid to wade the creek, and saying that his five little grandchildren went through it every day to school.

He landed her safely on the other side, and she thanked him very sincerely; but being in doubt how to get back again, the old man kindly promised to come up to the bridge about sunset and convey her over.

Lavinia, relieved of her terrors for the present, took her seat on a stone under the shade of a spreading buttonwood-tree, and applied herself assiduously to her drawing. She commenced, with every appearance of success, a sketch on a Bristol-board of the burnt-mill, the water tumbling among the rocks, the log bridge, and the wood in the back ground.

While she sat there, hidden in the underwood that clustered round her, her attention was suddenly withdrawn from her pencil, by the innocent voice of a child; and, what was her amazement, on seeing her infant brother Oscar, a lovely and engaging

little fellow, about eighteen months old, sitting on the ground at the end of the path that led to the Log Bridge, and talking to the birds that were hopping near him? Far off among the woods, she saw the nurse-maid gathering huckleberries.

Lavinia immediately comprehended that the girl had been sent out to walk with the child, and had left him that he might not encumber her in her search after wild fruit; and she was shocked at her carelessness in depositing him in so dangerous a place. "Oh! Oscar," she involuntarily exclaimed, and the child, hearing her voice, looked across the creek, and seeing Lavinia, called out, in his imperfect language, that he wanted to go to his sister; and, in an instant, he set off, and crept upon his hands and knees toward the bridge.

The terror of Lavinia rose almost to frenzy, when she saw the child actually upon the log, and in danger of falling into the torrent beneath. She instantly threw down her drawing, and flew across the bridge with the rapidity of lightning; forgetting to hold by the hand-rail—forgetting every thing but the danger of her infant brother. The child, gazing at her with wonder, ceased to creep forward, and in a moment Lavinia had him in her arms and was covering him with kisses. She ran home with him as fast as possible, and putting him into his mother's lap, she threw herself into a chair and burst into tears; while the little boy, whose life she had in all

probability saved, climbed on her knees and asked what made her cry.

In a short time, she was sufficiently recovered to give an explanation, and soon after, the thoughtless servant girl returned, pale, and trembling, and terrified. Having done gathering huckleberries, and gone back to the place where she had left little Oscar, and not finding him there, she concluded that he had fallen into the water. Mr. and Mrs. Lewiston were so displeased with her carelessness, that they would have dismissed her at once, only that she was in other respects a good servant; and, as this was the first fault of the kind, they hoped she had been sufficiently punished by the terror she had undergone, when she supposed the child had perished in the creek.

Next day, Mr. Lewiston and his daughter went to the Log Bridge, and Lavinia pointed out the place where she had rescued her little brother. "Now Lavinia," said her father, "since you have absolutely performed the exploit of running along the log without holding by the rail, and since you find, notwithstanding, 'that you yet live,' let me see you walk bravely over it to get your drawing materials, which you say you left in the bushes on the other side."

"I had hoped, dear father," said Lavinia, kissing his hand, "that you would be kind enough to cross the log and get them for me. My momentary fit

of courage, yesterday, was the effect of strong excitement. I forgot myself, and thought only of dear little Oscar. I cannot do so dangerous a thing deliberately."

"Try once more," said Mr. Lewiston. "Think that if you could *run* over it yesterday in safety, you may surely *walk* on it without danger to-day. Let me have the satisfaction of seeing you make the effort."

Lavinia paused a moment. Then, summoning more courage than she thought she possessed, she steadily stepped alone upon the log, and putting her hand on the railing, she walked firmly across, collected her drawing apparatus, and came back with unshaken intrepidity.

Her father kissed her, and said, "You see now, my dear Lavinia, that what a virtuous impulse can do one day, a firm resolution can do the next."

Mr. Lewiston desired his daughter not to go to the creek, in less than a week. At the end of that time, accompanied by Mrs. Lewiston and little Oscar, he conducted her thither, and she was surprised and delighted to find, that the Log Bridge was removed, and, in its place, a fine, regular, wooden bridge, floored with planks and properly supported, and having a close railing on each side. This bridge, though new, was in so picturesque a style, that it assimilated perfectly with the wildness of the surrounding scenery; and her father had sent to the

nearest town for workmen to construct it, according to a design of his own. Lavinia, taking Oscar by the hand, had great pleasure in walking across it for the first time, and next day she commenced her drawing, in which, at her father's desire, she allowed the old Log Bridge to remain; and, by his wish also, she introduced, as landscape figures, herself running to the rescue of her little brother.

E. L.









THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER KITTEN.

Indeed ye are a happy pair,
Thyself and darling treasure—
With little heads unvexed by care,
And hearts brim full of pleasure.

Which spirit knows the least of grief,
'Tis very hard to say,—
The kitten jumping at a leaf,
Or she who joins the play.

Ye both are frisking, giddy things—
A play-ground earth before ye,
Where hours pass by with silken wings,
And fling no shadows o'er ye.

I wish it thus might always be,
My guileless little one:—
It makes me sad to look on thee,
And think what change may come.

Then freely pour thy young heart out,
And take thy fill of joy—
I love to hear thy merry shout,
And see thy blest employ.

THE

LAUNCH OF THE FRIGATE.

CORNELIA CAMELFORD had just recovered from a long and dangerous illness, and had not received the doctor's permission to go out, when much interest was excited in Philadelphia by the expected launch of the Guerrier, which was built at Kensington during the last war, and called after the first British frigate that surrendered to the flag of America. Junius Camelford, who was a midshipman, and the eldest of Cornelia's two brothers, was highly elated with the idea of the approaching spectacle, and extremely impatient for the glorious day (as he called it) to arrive. At last it came; and the children of Mrs. Camelford could think and talk of nothing else.

Junius was one of the midshipmen appointed to the new frigate, and every hour seemed to him an age until she should be fairly afloat in her proper element. Boy as he was, he had been on board the Constitution when she engaged and sunk the British Guerrier, and had evinced on that memorable day the courage of a man. When he was after-

ward in Philadelphia, the progress of the new frigate became the leading thought of his mind. He had taken his sisters to see the keel the day after it was laid: and had furnished all the young ladies he knew, with hearts and anchors which he cut out from chips of the wood.

Mrs. Camelford had been a widow about two years, and since the death of her husband she had felt an insurmountable repugnance to appearing in public, or mixing in a crowd. Therefore she had no intention of going herself to see the frigate launched, but she knew that her children would take great pleasure in the sight, and she loved them too much to deny them this gratification because she could not enjoy it herself.

Cornelia was just getting over the same malady that two years before had been fatal to her father: and Mrs. Camelford still felt the greatest anxiety about her, as she was particularly susceptible of cold, which was always very injurious to her; and the slightest imprudent exposure might probably bring on a dangerous relapse.

For this reason, when Mrs. Camelford consented that her two sons and her daughter Octavia should go to see the frigate launched, she did not extend the same permission to the invalid. "And I, dear mother," said Cornelia, as she sat at the breakfast table the first time for near three months, "am *I* not also to enjoy the sight?"

MRS. CAMELFORD.—My dearest Cornelia, I am sorry to refuse you that or any other pleasure that your sister and brothers partake of. But the air from the river may be cool. Remember that it was only yesterday you left your chamber, after being confined to it more than twelve weeks.

OCTAVIA.—Oh! indeed, dear mother, this is quite a warm day.

MRS. CAMELFORD.—To persons in health I know it is, but though the air is clear and mild, it may be chilly to poor Cornelia, who is enfeebled by sickness, and who has been so long shut up in her room. She has suffered so much already, that I am sure she must dread every thing that might cause a relapse.

ADRIAN.—But, dear mother, how will it be possible for Cornelia to take cold if she is well wrapped up in her large shawl, and if she wears her close bonnet?

MRS. CAMELFORD.—Indeed, I am afraid she ought not to venture the slightest risk. As Lieutenant Osbrook has politely offered accommodation for the whole family, in one of the gun-boats at Kensington, and I have accepted the invitation for Adrian and Octavia, as Junius is to be on board the frigate. I believe my dear Cornelia must content herself with hearing a description of the launch from her brothers and sister. I cannot consent to her sitting an hour or two on the deck of the gun-boat, in the open

air, with the breeze from the river blowing round her.

CORNELIA.—Indeed, mother, I am very sorry, I hoped to be quite well and able to go any where, before the launch took place.

JUNIUS.—Still, I think there can be no danger. Her delight at the spectacle will set her blood in a glow, as it has mine already, and that will prevent her taking cold.

MRS. CAMELFORD.—My dear children, do not urge me any farther. The sight will no doubt be highly interesting, but it will be dearly purchased by the return of Cornelia's late illness.

Cornelia did not reply, but she kissed her mother in token of acquiescence, and seated herself in a corner of the sofa with her sewing. In a few minutes her brother Adrian brought her in a new and entertaining book, which he had just purchased with the hope that it would divert her mind from dwelling on her disappointment. Cornelia took the book very gratefully, but though it was extremely amusing, her thoughts still wandered, at times, to Kensington and the new frigate.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Camelford had a visit from her friend, Mrs. Dimsdale, who expressed great pleasure at finding Cornelia down stairs, and hoped she was well enough to go to see the ship launched.

Mrs. Camelford explained that she had refused

Cornelia her permission to join the little party in the gun-boat, being afraid of her taking cold if exposed to the air of the river. "Oh! if that is all," said Mrs. Dimsdale, "the difficulty, I hope, can be easily obviated. Mr. Dimsdale and myself are going to take the children up to Kensington in one of the steam-boats. You know the boats are all put in requisition for the accommodation of persons that wish to see the show. If you will permit Cornelia to accompany our family, she can stay all the time in the cabin, and have an excellent view from the stern windows, without any exposure at all."

Cornelia's eyes turned upon her mother, with a look of entreaty. Mrs. Camelford hesitated a few moments, and Octavia ventured again to supplicate in behalf of her sister. At last, Cornelia obtained permission to go with the Dimsdales: and it was arranged that Mrs. Camelford's carriage was to take them down to the steam-boat, after which it was to return immediately and convey the other party to Kensington.

When Adrian came home from school, and Junius from the ship-yard, (where he had almost lived for several days,) the boys were delighted to find that Cornelia was, at last, allowed an opportunity of seeing the launch. They had an early dinner, of which Lieutenant and Mrs. Osbrook had been invited to partake, and in a short time after the carriage was at the door. Cornelia was carefully

wrapped in her large shawl, and Mrs. Camelford said to her, "Now, my dear, you must promise me that you will remain all the time in the cabin of the boat, and not allow yourself to be tempted to go on deck, even for a few moments." "Certainly, dear mother," replied Cornelia, "I will cheerfully make that promise, for I am thankful that you will allow me to see the frigate on any terms." Mrs. Camelford kissed Cornelia, and her brothers put her into the carriage, which, on its way down to the wharf, stopped to take up Mr. and Mrs. Dimsdale and their two children.

Cornelia felt very happy at finding herself once more riding through the streets, after so long a confinement to her chamber. Every well known store and house seemed to interest her as she passed, and all the people she saw appeared to her to look unusually well. She soon found herself seated in the after-cabin of the steam-boat, which was crowded with females, and so warm that Cornelia had no occasion to wear her shawl: her mother having told her that she might take it off, if she found it oppressive.

The carriage having returned, Mr. and Mrs. Osbrook, with Adrian and Octavia, got into it and rode to Kensington; Junius, in a new suit of uniform, and with a new cockade in his hat, having long before set out on foot, as he despised riding when it was practicable to walk, and the distance from his

mother's house to the ship-yard now seemed almost nothing, having been so often traversed by him. In a very short time, he was on the deck of the frigate, with a number of officers and other gentlemen, beside the shipwrights. That afternoon, almost all the stores in Philadelphia were shut up, and few of the inhabitants remained in their houses. Till near three o'clock, the whole population of the city seemed to be pouring toward the Northern Liberties: all the streets in the direction of Kensington being crowded with people.

When the party from Mrs. Camelford's arrived at the river-side, the vast concourse far exceeded their expectations, though Junius had told them that the crowd had begun to assemble as early as twelve o'clock. They were soon seated on chairs, on the deck of the gun-boat, and Lieutenant Osbrook left the ladies under the care of another gentleman, while he went on board the frigate.

The river was covered with boats of every description, filled with people. The roofs, as well as the windows of the houses and stores that commanded a view of the water, were crowded with spectators; and so also were the trees. Scaffolds, which had been erected for the purpose, were lined with tiers of occupants, one row above another. All the ships, then in port, had gone up to Kensington, and their decks were covered with ladies and gentlemen; the sailors taking their stations in the rig-

ging. In two or three vessels were bands of military music, and a third band was playing in the frigate that was the object of so much interest. All the officers then in the city (and many had come thither on purpose) were present: and all, both of army and navy, were in full uniform. Nothing could be more gay and animated than the whole scene. Every one was attired to the best advantage, and the white dresses and green parasols of the ladies added much to the picturesque effect of the scene. The steam-boats came up filled with passengers, and were anchored at a convenient distance.

The gentlemen took out their watches frequently, as the time approached when the tide was to turn; for the frigate was to be launched on the top of high-water. As the moment drew near, every eye was fixed on the noble vessel, and there was a breathless anxiety of the most intense interest. The carpenters stood with their arms raised, ready to knock away the blocks that held her. The signal was given, and it was done. The frigate began to move —every hat was simultaneously taken off—the guns from all the armed vessels fired a salute—the music struck up, "The Tars of Columbia"—and loud huzzas resounded from thousands of voices. The frigate glided gracefully and rapidly along, amidst repeated shouts of acclamation, with the colours of her country flying at her stern: and, when she plunged into the water, (which she threw up tre-

mendously about her,) the violent agitation of the river, for a considerable distance round, announced that she had reached the element which she was never more to leave. On her bowsprit stood the boatswain, who christened her by breaking a bottle of liquor over her head, and shouting, "Hurra for the Guerrier!" And the shout was repeated by every man present: thousands of hats waving round from the river and from the shore.

The moment "the gallant Guerrier" was afloat, she turned round majestically with the tide, and an anchor, for the first time, descended from her bow, mooring her, for the present, in the place where she had entered the water. The music continued for some time to play the favourite national airs, and at length the vast concourse of spectators began to turn their steps toward home. Adrian and Octavia could talk of nothing in the carriage but the scene they had just witnessed, and they gave their mother a most animated account of it. Mr. and Mrs. Osbrook took their leave and returned to their own residence: and soon after Junius came home in a state of the highest excitement, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing, and full of the honour and glory, as he called it, of having been on board of the new Guerrier when she was launched. He inquired almost immediately for Cornelia. The carriage had been sent down to the steam-boat to

bring her home, and in a short time she arrived, but looking very pale.

"Well, my dear Cornelia," said Junius, as he led her to the sofa, "was it not a glorious sight? Was it not a show worth looking at? I never was so delighted in all my life, except when we heard the lee-gun of the *British* Guerrier, as a signal of surrender, after her colours had been shot away."

"Tell me, dearest girl," said Adrian, "were not your expectations more than realized? Did you ever see any thing so interesting as the launch of the frigate?"

Cornelia's eyes filled with tears, and her lips trembled, as she replied, in a faltering voice, "I did not see it at all."

"Not see it!" was the general exclamation.

"Indeed, I did not," repeated Cornelia.

JUNIUS.—What! *nothing* of it! *nothing*.

CORNELIA.—Nothing whatever.

JUNIUS.—Oh! Cornelia, you are certainly jesting. What! go on purpose to see the launch, and still *not* see it!

MRS. CAMELFORD.—My beloved Cornelia, you alarm me. I hope you have not been ill.

CORNELIA.—No, my dear mother, not at all. But, indeed, I have been very much disappointed.

OCTAVIA.—Oh! pray tell us how.

CORNELIA.—Mrs. Dimsdale sat with me in the ladies' cabin of the steam-boat, till her husband, who

had been on deck with the children, came to conduct her up stairs, as the time for the frigate to go off was drawing very near. She then tried to persuade me that no harm could possibly arise from my going on deck for a few minutes, and, to own the truth, I thought so myself. But I told her that I had obtained permission to go in the steam-boat, only upon condition of remaining all the time in the cabin, and I could, on no account, break my promise and disobey my mother. She then complimented me by saying that I was the most obedient and conscientious child she had ever known, and expressing her regret that I could not accompany her, she ran hastily on deck with Mr. Dimsdale, lest she should be too late.

OCTAVIA.—But could you have no view from the cabin?

CORNELIA.—I had anticipated no difficulty, but when I rose to look out, I found the windows entirely blocked up with women and babies, of whom there are always so many in steam-boats. The shelves or high seats at the stern were covered with them, crowded so closely that they seemed almost wedged into a mass. I climbed up and tried to get a peep between their heads, but all in vain, for they were pressing on each other's shoulders. For a moment, I was tempted to go on deck; but I remembered my promise. Suddenly, I heard an exclamation of "There she goes," and I knew by the

shouts, the firing, and the music, that the frigate was moving. In vain I stretched my neck and strained my eyes, to catch a glimpse between the heads and bonnets; all the windows were entirely filled, and I had not the smallest chance of seeing any thing. I soon gave up all hope; I sat down in a chair, and I acknowledge that I could not help crying a little, though I took care to conceal my tears as much as I could. And perhaps I would not have cried, only that my long illness had weakened my spirits.

JUNIUS.—(Taking her hand)—Oh! yes, my poor Cornelia, you would have cried all the same, even if you had not been weak and ill. I am certain you would, for it was a disappointment worth crying for.

Mrs. Camelford was so much affected that it was some time before she could speak, and then embracing Cornelia most tenderly, she said, "You are a dear good girl, and from this instance of obedience and self-denial, at so early an age, I anticipate the most happy results when you are older. If the pleasure of knowing how much gratification your conduct has afforded your mother, and how much more than ever she loves you, can compensate for your disappointment, you may now enjoy that reward." Cornelia threw herself into her mother's arms, and kissing her affectionately, wept in silence, while Octavia sobbed aloud, tears dropped on the

cheeks of Adrian, and Junius drew his hand across his eyes.

"Oh!" said Octavia, "how little did we think, when we were all enjoying the sight from the gun-boat, with ample room and an uninterrupted view, that our poor sister, after being three months shut up in her chamber, was seeing nothing at all."

ADRIAN.—Yes, and when we were riding home, I wished that Cornelia were with us, that she might tell us what she thought of it; supposing, of course, that she had seen all that we did.

JUNIUS.—Well, dear Cornelia, be comforted. There is no danger of your having taken cold, since you so scrupulously kept your promise and obeyed your mother; and, as you will now, no doubt, continue well, I hope you will yet be able to see the frigate before she sails on her first cruise, though you *have* missed the launch, which was certainly one of the finest sights ever seen in the whole world. Do not smile, Octavia. You are not, as I am, one of the "Tars of Columbia."

ADRIAN.—No, indeed. And if she was a sailor, I hope she would feel like one upon such occasions.

Cornelia continued every day to improve in health, and when the frigate was completely fitted up and ready for sea, Lieutenant Osbrook came to invite the Camelford family on board, and Mrs. Camelford herself was prevailed upon to be one of the party. Junius, taking Cornelia's hand, led her care-

fully through the vessel, explaining to her its different parts and their uses, and replying, kindly and satisfactorily, to all the various questions which she would not have ventured to ask, except of her brother.

E. L.

MARY LEE.

I WANDERED forth at closing day,
To breathe the evening air;
Not yet was drawn the curtain gray,
Which hides the flowrets fair.

They blush'd in beauty 'neath my tread,
And all their rich perfume
Around in generous fragrance shed,
Unwitting of their doom.

I could not choose, but bid my eye,
In simple gladness, rest
Upon the gorgeous drapery
That lin'd the lovely west.

And fain was I to hear the note,
The blackbird gaily sung,
As on the air it seem'd to float,—
And o'er my heart strings rung.

I reach'd the brook, and massy stone,
Where lingering still for me,
Was wont to sit—till twilight lone—
My little Mary Lee.

Her knitting in her merry way,
Would Mary hold on high,
And all the progress of the day,
Upon my finger try.

She was not there—not richly now
To me the sunset beam'd;
The blackbird caroll'd on the bough,
But not for me it seem'd.

More bright than these was Mary's look,
When yesterday it shone;
More sweet her voice, when o'er he brook
She sent its joyous tone.

I hasten'd onward to the cot—
Where Mary's mother dwelt,—
Why seem'd it such a lonely spot?
I never thus had felt.

The woodbine now as gracefully
Around the porch was hung,
The little gate with motion free
As hospitably swung.

I paus'd a moment—and a groan
Fell deeply on my ear;
I enter'd—it was Mary's moan—
She knew not I was near.

She knelt beside her mother's bed,
Her head was resting there:
The mother's struggling breath had fled—
Her daugher knelt in prayer.

And tears came gushing on her cheek,
And sobs convulsed her frame:

I heard the little sufferer speak—
It was her mother's name.

Come to my arms! poor child, I cried,
Come hither, Mary Lee,
God has been lavish to my pride,
I'll share His gifts with thee.

She leant her pale cheek on my breast,
I press'd her to my heart,—
And from that sacred place of rest,
No more shall she depart.

C. G.

Charleston, S. C.

THE LITTLE FOREIGNERS.

"TRUTH alone is beautiful," says the French moralist; and, in proportion as fiction approaches reality, do its details become interesting to the unvitiated taste. Our lessons of instruction, from those of the nursery to the hall of philosophy, have been drawn from remote scenes, and illustrated by incidents and characters that have but little relation to the pupil; and, consequently, are liable either to lack interest, or to lead his attention from objects by which he is surrounded—the true alphabet of knowledge—to those, so remote in time and location as to create in him a distaste for familiar objects, and to prevent the probability of his improving by those very circumstances and events, which are to be connected with his coming life.

Nature is full of joy, or of those objects which, rightly improved, are to cause it—not

"The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind,"

but the quiet overflow of feelings, which a contemplation of God, in his works and the rich abundance of beauties and comforts that are scattered abroad

for our enjoyment, is eminently calculated to inspire. The green hedge that perfumes the air with blossoms—the outspread field, redolent with the infant breathing of spring upon its flowery bosom—the summer's harvest, waving a golden return to man's patient labour—ripened autumn, with its swelling garner and its teeming branches—and winter, with its fleecy robe spread round—the forbidding cold that binds up the stream, and sends man, as it were by necessity, to the enjoyment of domestic scenes—the social fireside, the improving page, and the true use of all those stores, for which spring blossomed, summer reddened, and teeming autumn gave up the gatherings of the year. These are the profusions of nature's God, scattered around with a liberal hand, that asketh no return but a true enjoyment by those whom it blesseth. These are blessings, too, that every eye can see, and every heart enjoy; they are not limited to the spicy groves of Java, in perfume —to the sunny slope of the anana garden, for exquisite taste—nor to the banks of the Ganges, for the rich flower and the tall, waving tree. Our own fields pour out upon the gratified sense, a perfume that the Gul gardens of Persia cannot boast; our peach and strawberry bear to the palate a gratification richer, less cloying, and more innocent than the golden-hued fruits of the tropical regions; and Libanus never nodded with a richer grace from its

crowning cedar, than do our eminences with the clustering honours wherewith nature has gemmed them, waving in majestic beauty to the grateful breeze, which, while it plays among their branches, gathers their perfumes, to scatter again with liberal blessing,

"Whispering whence it stole its balmy sweets."

These are the true blessings of nature, profusely spread around for the gratification of all; and the child that has not a capacity for the enjoyment of these beauties, should appeal to age to be led up into a sense of the good things of life, and to be inducted into the true secret of the happiness of life.

The above reflections pressed upon my mind, one afternoon, last summer, while I was gazing upon the beauty of Pennsylvania scenery, as it lay before me, between Philadelphia and Germantown, a short distance from the latter place, on the "old road."

From an eminence which my horse had attained with difficulty, I looked across an uncultivated valley, bordered on the opposite side with tufts of trees, flanking a hill, which seemed from its height to claim the name of mountain. Peering over the margin of the valley, was the roof of a cottage, the chimney of which was sending up its dusky columns of smoke, which ascended rapidly and directly to a considerable height, when the wind scattered

it out into a thin, filmy cloud, mingling with and losing itself in the air. I was about moralizing, when my attention was attracted to nearer objects by the sound of children's voices. I rode round a large tree that had been scathed by a stroke of lightning, and discovered, just below me, a lad sitting on a bank, and, standing by his side, a girl holding in her arms a child. When I first discovered them, the little nursling had thrown his right arm round his sister's neck, and was pointing to some object in front, toward which he had succeeded in drawing his brother's attention, in spite of the burthen of wood resting on his arm and knee, the result of his morning's gleaning beneath the tempest-struck oak above him. There was a beauty in the youngest child, which, for a moment, engrossed my attention, His bare feet and round ankles—the perfect symmetry of his form, shown by the closeness in which his sister's arms drew his thin dress around him—his high chest—the seraphic expression of his face—the clustering beauty of his curly head, rising into light over the coif of his sister—were subjects for admiration to any lover of beauty; and one, especially fond of children, will stand excused for thinking the objects around him less deserving attention.

A sudden movement of my horse attracted the attention of the female, and alarmed her little charge.

I approached the group, and, after making inquiries about the owners of several dwellings in the vicinity, I asked whose was the cottage on the other side of the valley. "That is our house," said the lad, with a slight tinge of foreign accent on his tongue, confirming a suspicion excited by the peculiarity of his own and his sister's dress. "And your parents are there?" said I with an inquiring tone. The boy looked to his sister—"Our father is there," replied the girl, in a modest, silvery tone, softened as if by the recollection that they had no mother, to bless the fireside and direct their steps. I soon learned that misfortune had driven the family from Europe; and the mother had sunk beneath the evils which had been imposed for her endurance.

The girl had succeeded to her mother's duties; she watched over the infancy of the youngest child, then in her arms; had directed the boy at her feet; and ministered, with the patience of hope and in the labour of love, to the comfort of her father, who shrunk from associations with neighbours, and lived only in and for his family. Should any of my young readers visit the cottage to which I have referred, they may discover a most edifying scene, in the filial affection and willing obedience of the children; and perhaps learn, from the heart-smitten father, an interesting tale of domestic affliction, of a nature calculated to inspire them with a sympathy and

reverence for the venerable man who bears up against the unmitigated storm of life, and wears a smile in the presence of his children, though his heart bleeds with—

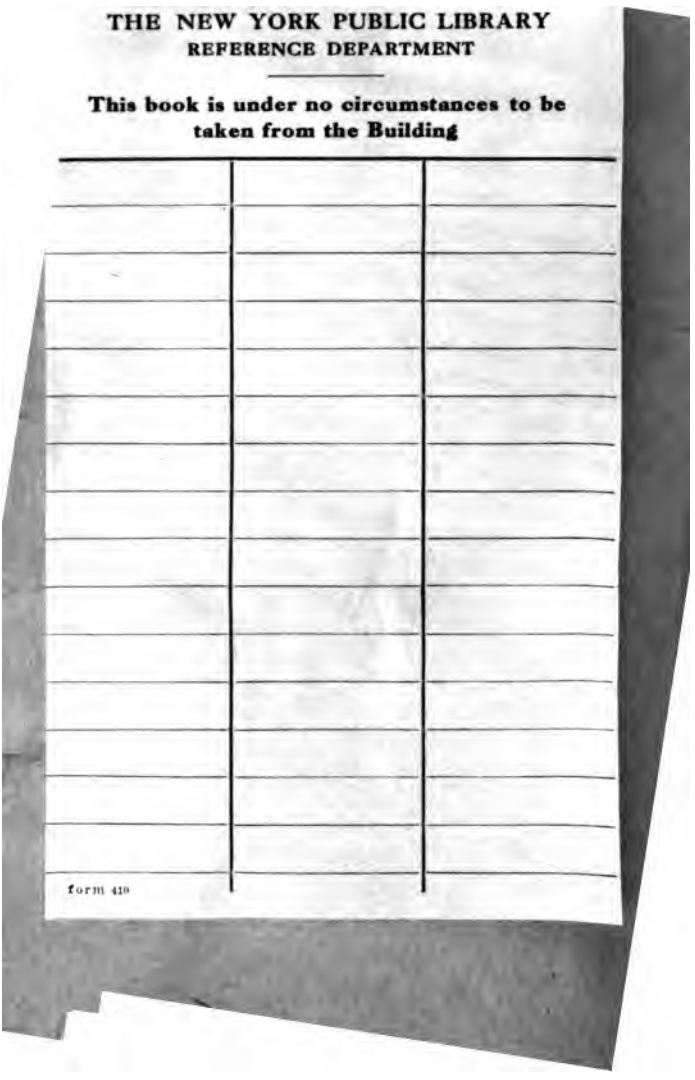
> One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
> Its bleak ills, alike, o'er his joys and his woes;
> To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring;
> For which joy has no balm, nor affliction a sting.

J. R. C.

THE END.

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